

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

N^o. 17.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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A POET'S EPISTLE.

BY THE LATE J. R. DRAKE.

The following humorous verses by the author of *The Culprit Fay*, were written in Scotland during a visit of the admired and lamented author to that country, and addressed to Fitz Greene Halleck, the early friend of the deceased poet.

"Weel, Fitz, I'm here; the mair's the pity,
I'll wad ye curse the vera city
From which I write a braid Scots ditty
Afore I learn it;
But gif ye canna mak it suit ye,
Ye ken ye'll burn it.
My grunzie's got a twist until it
Thae damn'd Scotch aighs sae stuff and fill it
I doubt, wi' a' my doctor skill, it
'll keep the gait,
Not e'en my pen can scratch a billet
And write it straight.
Ye're aiblins thinking to forgather
Wi' a hale sheet, of muir and heather
O' burns, and braes, and sic like blether,
To you a feast;
But stop! ye will not light on either
This time at least.
Noo stir your bries a wee and ferlie,
Then drap your lip and glower surly;
Troth! gif ye do, I'll tell ye fairly,
Ye'll no be right;
We've made our jaunt a bit too early
For sic a sight.
What it may be when summer deeds
Muir shaw and brae, wi' bonnie weeds
Sprinkling the gowan on the meads
And broomy knowes,
I dinna ken; but now the meads
Scarce keep the cows.
For trees, puir Scotia's sadly scanted,
A few bit pines and larches planted,
And thae, wee, knurlie, blastic, stuntit
As e'er thou sawest;
Row but a sma' turf fence anent it,
Hech! there's a forest.
For streams, ye'll find a puny puddle
That would na float a shull bairn's coble,
A cripple stool might near hand hobble
Dry-baughted ever;
Some whinstone crags to mak' it bubble,
And there's a river.
And then their cauld and reekie skies,
They luke ower dull to Yankee eyes;
The sun ye'd ken na if he's rise
Amaist the day;
Just a noon blink that hardly dries
The dewy brae.
Yet leeze auld Scotland on her women,
Ilk sonzie lass and noble yeoman,
For luv'er's heart or blade of foe-man,
O'er baith victorious;
E'en common sense, that plant uncommon,
Grows bright and glorious.
Fecks but my pen has skelp'd alang,
I've whistled out an unco sang
'Bout folk I ha' na been amang
Twa days as yet;
But, faith, the farther that I gang
The mair ye'll get.

Sae sharpen up your lugs, for soon
I'll tread the hazelly braes o' Doon,
See Mungo's well, and get my shoon
Where i' the dark
Bauld Tammie keek'd, the drunken loon,
At cutty sark.

And I shall tread the hallowed bourne
Where Wallace blew his bugle-horn
O'er Edward's banner, stained and torn.

What Yankee bluid
But feels its free pulse leap and burn
Where Wallace stood!

But pouk my pen! I find I'm droppin
My braw Scots style to English loppin;
I fear amaist that ye'll be hoppin
I'd quit it quite;
If so, I e'en must think o' stopping,
And sae, gude night.

ANACREONTIC.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Blame not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl!
Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,
And amber drops elysian roll.
To bathe young Love's delighted wing.
What like the grape Osiris gave
Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?
Illumines Memory's tearful wave,
And teaches drowning Hope to swim!
Did Ocean from his radiant arms
To earth another Venus give,
He ne'er could match the mellow charms
That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard
In characters that mock the sight,
Till some kind liquid, o'er them poured,
Brings all their hidden warmth to light—
Are feelings bright, which, in the cup,
Though graven deep, appear but dim,
Till filled with glowing Bacchus up,
They sparkle on the foaming brim.
Each drop upon the first you pour
Brings some new tender thought to life,
And as you fill it more and more,
The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old
Its fabled path beneath the sea,
And fresh, as first from earth it rolled,
From earth again rose joyously;
Bore not beneath the bitter brine,
Each flower upon its limpid tide,
More faithfully than in the wine,
Our hearts will toward each other glide.
Then drain the cup, and let thy soul
Learn, as the draught delicious flies,
Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,
Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

THE FATHER.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

The interest of the following narrative (if interest it possess) is founded on the parental affection. To many the degree of it therein portrayed may appear morbid; but to those I would submit a few remarks on children considered as a great class of society, not as embryo elements of it—mere things of promise and present pastime. In pleasantries we may designate them as a happy little people, who have no need of laws, pains, and punishments, among them: but when we seriously reflect on the corrupting and hardening effect on our hearts of worldly pursuits and collision with our fellow-men, and then turn to those innocent beings, happy by unerring instinct only, not through false views, or vicious aims, or the sufferings of others—when we grasp the little hand put artlessly into ours, when we look into the fair countenance, and say, "Here is the hand that never did offence, the eye that never looked it, the mind that never thought less innocently than the spirits of heaven!"—I say, when wearied with our worldly conflict, we turn into our domestic circle, and thus muse over these, its purest ornaments, are we not justified in regarding children as a most important body? as a sort of link between our polluted degenerate selves, and that primeval innocence, of which we have on earth no representative or image left, but "little children?" Surely it is something to enjoy daily so beautiful, so pure a spectacle, as a multitude of creatures of our own nature, without a speck of that defilement incident to all adult na-

ture; creatures which realize all the ideas we can form of life in heaven,—of the society of angels.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it forgoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of his fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world what, indeed, is the death of a child? It forwarded—it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent:—to him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world beside, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to *their* feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

I was requested by a middle-aged farmer to visit his only son, and set out with him on a ride of nine miles to his mountain home. As a specimen of a numerous class of the *aborigines* of Wales, and the most estimable class—the secluded breeders of sheep and cattle—I must briefly sketch my fellow-traveller. His manner was so reserved as to border on sullenness, until intercourse had dispelled its coldness. He wore a great coat (of home-dressed wool) of a coarse texture, and a shapeless straw hat; there was an air of negligence about his personal appearance, which betokened habits of solitary life; the moss from the bark of trees had greened his dress in many places; but, being a man of tall and fine person, and his behaviour indicating education above that of a labouring rustic, his whole appearance was not without a homely dignity, primitive, though rather grotesque. There is a pensiveness of look and tone in the more secluded Welsh farmers, almost touching, produced, no doubt, by the solitude in which much of their lives is spent, as well as by the character of their native land. Many of the sequestered Welsh homes have something of the solemnity of a church in their grey antiquity, bowered by huge trees, in the depths of dingles, shut up by mountains so nearly meeting as to almost bulge over the roof of deep thatch. Owls hooting by night from one wild barrier ridge to the other, across these ravines roaring with waterfalls at a little distance, among huge misshapen rocks; and the plover (the bird of ill omen to the Welsh) shrieking from the fern in the still noon, and the kite from the hills' stony tops; the mournful morass, with its black bogs and ever-whistling wind, which beyond those tops cut off communication with the world to all but resolute hill climbers;—all these cannot fail, while thus surrounding the native almost from birth to burial, to exert a plastic influence on the mind and character of man.

It was to such a home that my master-shepherd, as I shall call him, at last introduced me, after a long descent down a watercourse, called by courtesy a *road*. The short dialogue which passed between us prior to our arrival, may serve to bring the reader acquainted with David Beynon, the hereditary owner of Llandefelach.

"You are a widower, I believe, David?" I remarked. (In rural Wales we exclude the "sir," and the surname, and the "mister," so frequent in Saxon usage.)

"Why, no; but much the same thing. My wife is alive; but her brother and I were on bad terms before marriage, and worse after; this led to quarrels, which always made things worse, so we parted. Then we had a great dispute about which should have my little Peter. We could not both have him, and I could not part with him, and would not. I have no relations left, she has many; so I thought she could better spare him than I could. So I have been both father and mother to him; always in my lap, in my arms, and in my bed; abroad with me up the hill with the sheep, and in the snow he would toddle after me."

"Is your wife still desirous to have him with her?" I inquired.

"Furious about him still, I hear. I should be sorry for her, but I do hear that she finds a comforter in a fellow who courted her before we were married. I've had thoughts of our coming together again, for little Peter's sake, in case I should die, that he might not have in a mother a stranger to go to; but, since I heard *that*, I've done with her."

On reaching the antique home I found a very sweet little boy, sensible, pale, patient, stretched on what appeared—from the dangerous state of typhus-fever under which he was suffering—too likely to prove his death-bed.

Of terrible and overwhelming evils, the mind does not readily admit the probability; but, when this happy incredulity is once overcome by evidence, the transition to absolute despair is rapid, and equally unreasonable with the previous obstinacy of hope. Hence it was that, no sooner had I signified to David that his child was in great danger, than his eyes rolled and dilated as if under some astonishing news, and a wild dismay marked his whole countenance. He stood a minute statue-like; asked again if I meant that his child was actually likely to die, and, without waiting reply, burst forth, "O my God! my God! what shall I do?"—then ran to his child as if he had but a minute more to see him alive, hung over him in dumb agony, and at last vented his agony, in a womanlike flood of tears.

Afraid to flatter him with hope, I said something commonplace of his having surely known that his child was mortal.

"Mortal!" he exclaimed; "why, ay; and so am I too, thanks to God! for how could I bear to live without him now? A patient sensible boy! a good-boy and a fond! So fond of me, a rough man,—just as if I had been his own soft mother! Oh! sir, what avails it now? Now I wish to God he had been less good, less fond.—I wish I could remember one fault

he had; for now every pretty look of his up into my face, and all his pretty ways, do every one come back like a knife to my heart, now that I think I shall never see 'em more. Oh! doctor, bear with me; I am a lone man, and there's no one in my house that is a father but I! No one to feel with me, or for me!"

On my second visit, delirium had supervened in my little patient. The first indication of wandering intellect in a beloved object is, to even the best-regulated mind, dreadful; but to our extravagant recluse it was a gorgon that almost produced a kindred reeling of the mind to that visible in the object he so doated on.

The boy fancied himself on the hill side with the sheep, and the affrighted father tried almost angrily to convince him of the delusion, as if he would steady and hold back by force that reason which he saw departing—that mind of precocious power of which he had been so proud, now wandering and groping in the shadows of a night too likely to prove eternal. A pretty, but vacant smile only answered to the agonised and eager words of the parent thus striving against nature: but once his hollow horror of voice and accent seemed to rouse the sufferer; and he feebly tried to raise his arm as if to wipe away the tears he saw streaming from his father's eyes, and by that pathetic and pretty action brought many more.

Day after day did this impassioned parent sit sleepless, wan, and without food, holding that small hand, and counting the beats of that frightful pulse, watching every turn of those half-extinguished eyes, whose light had been the very light of life to him.

Had David been less beloved by his farm-servants every duty would have been neglected by them, as was every avocation by himself, but that of a nurse; for, taking no longer interest in anything beyond that little bed, he was grown impatient of their attention to even the most needful calls of daily duty. He seemed to fancy that the aid of every hand and every mind was demanded, in that fearful crisis, on which depended his own future doom of deadly sorrow or restoration to happiness; he was enraged by the presence of mind in others which could any longer recollect milking-time and folding-time, could still hear the cows lowing to be milked at the door, the sheep needing penning down in the valley of the brook; it almost seemed a slight and a cruelty to his darling, to attend to these things, to regard the future or the present, or anything but the moaning and the tossing of that dear sufferer—for any eye, or heart, or hand, to watch, and tend, and tremble, and ache, with a less fearful anxiety than his own.

After all this storm of distress in the house of Llandefelach, and the quiet *cum* of the Glasnaut, I had the great pleasure of seeing the restored child and father lying on the sunny sod slanting down to the foamy little brook, fringed with cowslips and harebells; the former nearly well and quite happy, surrounded with almost a toyshop: the various toys procured from a distant town, the promised rewards of good conduct in taking the requisite remedies.

Again I visited that valley and spot. I saw the father with folded arms walking thoughtfully rather sullenly on by himself, and little Peter calling after him to stop for him, he being still too feeble to hasten much. The father stopped at last; but rather, I thought, as if ashamed that I should see his inattention to the boy, than moved by his eager and half-reproachful call. Never shall I forget the *then* inexplicable fall and change of that man's countenance as it met mine, as he paused, perplexed between reluctance to indulge his child with the usual "jump" as he begged to be "carried," and his shame under my observation of his altered manner toward him—how altered!—and the child more beautiful than ever! for the paleness left by illness harmonised with a certain amiability and gentleness, the fruits, perhaps, of a half-developed superior mind, which my small patient exhibited.

"What has my little friend here done, David?" I inquired. "Nothing very bad, I am sure,"—and the blue and speaking eyes of Peter, suffused each with a tear, seconded my question, earnestly gazing up at the rather stern and deeply sorrowful face of the father.

"Done? God bless thee, boy, nothing—nothing! He has done nothing, sir,—as good a child as ever—" The child, delighted, mounted a little bank of wild thyme, ready for a spring into his arms, of which the unaccountable man, after half-extending his arms to his pretty suppliant, disappointed him, letting them slowly fall to his sides, and muttering, "Poor little fellow!—poor little—*wretch*!" Then he seated himself on the ground in strange absence of mind, as if forgetting me, his child, everything.

"I should have thought, David, *your* heart would have bled to draw tears from those beautiful eyes," and I tried to console him by my kiss and a present, for the want of his father's.

Suddenly the latter sprang up out of his disconsolate reverie, and he broke forth in a hollow voice of frightful energy.

"Does not my heart bleed then? Have I shed no tears? Sir, for every tear that my cruelty draws from his, mine shed hundreds—in the night, sir,—in the dead of night,—*lonely*—long and lonely nights! He is no longer my little bedfellow now; oh! no more now—never more! If ever agony did force blood from a wretch's eyes, I have wept blood!"

While he raved thus, his large melancholy eyes were fixed on the brook; he seemed rather to be in a passionate soliloquy than addressing me, although answering me; and, after a pause, he wept and trembled like an infant, adding in a quieter tone:—"Would to God we had again one bed, even this earth! one grave, one death-hour, to lie shroud by shroud, as hand in hand we used to sleep sweetly! O my boy!—my boy! I had been happy to see you die a few short weeks ago, to suck in death from thy poor black lips, and lay me down for ever by thy side—oh! yes, *then*, while I could have said, 'Farewell, my boy!' But now—oh! now—" He broke off there, and fixed a stern, yet, I thought, a sort of shame-faced look on me, and recalled by my presence, as it seemed, to more self-recollection, he started, and exclaimed—"How I have been talking to you, a stranger!"

But, lest this change in our master-shepherd should be as bewildering to the reader as it then was to me, let me briefly supply the explanation.

During the boy's convalescence, David, in his fulness of joy, had invited the mother to visit her child. After a sort of reconciliation, the old

source of contention (the question with which parent he should live) produced a fresh quarrel. It had happened that Peter was a seven months' child, without very manifest signs of such prematurity. The malignity of Mrs. Beynon's brother, a brutal sort of grazier and drover, had led him to goad his enemy, David, by taunts, at the expense of his sister's character; in short, he had insinuated, that the real father of the child was the man who (as David Beynon told me) had wooed her prior to marriage.—At this fatal interview, that unhappy mother, either wishing to estrange her husband from Peter, and so effect her object, or urged by mere fury of revenge, forgot decency and herself, and her son's welfare, so far as to avow the truth of this scandal raised by her brother. To prove to the selfish father, who had engrossed to himself their common object of love, that it was in fact hers, and hers only, so that he had been bugging to his heart his bane and his dishonor, in what he deemed his pride and blessing. This was a tempting species of revenge, too sweet and keen in point for her mood of the moment to resist. David, breaking up the interview with terrible curses on her head, from that moment never looked into those sweet and innocent eyes, without seeing there the image of that man's countenance, who he believed had wronged him. Those pretty orbs, into which he had rarely looked without an impulse to implant kisses on both, were now become inhabited by a smiling devil—a face that seemed to leer upon him, as the fool and dotard who had fostered another's offspring for his own. That man's eyes, too, were blue; Peter's were of a lovely blue. The mother's eyes were, indeed, of that colour; but David could and would no longer see that mother's eyes in those; for, "Trides light as air," &c.

The dreadful condition of feelings here depicted has never, that I am aware, filled a page in the biography of human hearts, prolific as is our age of all sorts of histories, real and fanciful, and far-fetched as are the sources of excitement in many of them. To those, then, who may regard in the light of incidents any new and strange harrowing terms of passion in the mind and heart, it may not be uninteresting to hear a few of the sentiments expressed by our humble hero in a cooler moment, when he had reposed his sad secret with me while we wandered together near the house.

"To find out that we have been cherishing a foul fallen thing, instead of the white blessing we fancied ours in a faithful wife, must be a great trial, but more bearable than mine. A childless man, who makes such a discovery, suffers a great shock, but not like mine! He, at least, knows the worst, and he sees the whole of his misery. It is no longer *she*, the pure and beautiful thing he loved, and he begins to loathe, to hate her, and that's his cure. But as for me, what cure is for me? How can I hate *him*, innocent soul! How look on his fair forehead, see his sweet smile, and hate! Sweet child! what has he done that I should hate *him*? And yet—yet," he added, in a hollow whisper, that had in it I know not what of piteous horror, "I feel I *can*—I feel—I—*hate*!"

The terrible conflict within of opposing feelings, here disfigured his face as with an ugly mask. I started at the transfiguration, and for the moment fancied that I saw before me the loving murderer of a loving child; that child so recently the object of a love amounting almost to a frenzied passion!

"I feel I hate," he murmured on. "But is it a cure to me? No, no; but a very hell of pain! Even the man who *has* children does not suffer like me. He may be made a lone man of a sudden by a wife's crime, but his children—his undoubted own—are left him still. The children of his happy early days, when she was good and faithful, *they* are not altered by her fault. They are round his hearth still to soothe him for his loss; he sees nothing in their eyes but their mother as she looked before she sinned, such as she was when he led her home over his threshold, to live and die with him, as he hoped. But, what is left to me? What do I see when I look into that boy's eyes, where I turned for all my comfort, and all my joy! Oh, sir, what see I there?" And the father's features assumed an aspect of the intensest loathing and hate.

Argument, with so fatal an impression, was vain.

"Now, tell me, doctor, if you can," he resumed vehemently, "how is this to be borne, or what am I to do? You cured him once, can you cure me? All your art is for bodies; yet there are plagues, fevers, cancers of a man's mind more unbearable far than any the body suffers. To shun what I cannot live without; to drive him from me that I couldn't bear an hour from my sight; I say, who can bear this? Is it a state to be borne by a creature that the Almighty has gifted with the power to live or die—to die—or kill? No—no, you cannot tell me what to do—how to bear it; not you, nor all mankind will ever find a cure for such a state of living damnation as this!"

From that day the wretched father, wandering and muttering to himself, absented himself almost wholly from home and Peter, hiding his misery in the deeper chasms of fractured rocks, by the high sources of the waterfalls, in solitudes and shadows, savage and solitary, and gloomy as his view of life or death to come. Whether it arose from some neglect to which the tenderly-reared but now deserted boy became exposed by this desertion, or that his sensitive nature, pining under the change in his father's feelings, had not yet wholly recovered from the effects of his illness, the fact was, from one of these two causes, a relapse took place, and my poor little patient was once more a prisoner of the sick chamber.

Meanwhile the wife, who had inflicted all this agony on the father, was suffering scarcely less. Even the fulness of revenge, indulged against those for whom love still lingers in the heart (and such was the case with Margaret Beynon) is like the recoil of a gun in an unskilful hand, which, bursting with its overcharge, proves more fatal to the party aiming to wound, than to the object aimed at. A terrible sort of compunction preyed on her mind from the moment of her fatal, self-criminating folly. As soon as news reached her (at the distance of some miles) of the new illness of the child (she being at the time herself dangerously ill), she despatched a most earnest request for an interview with her husband. He at last reluctantly assented, and they met.

Their meeting was solemn and affecting. She extended a thin and pallid hand toward her husband, while she sat propped in the bed for shortness of breath. He stopped, reluctant even to be near her. He was

come a long way from his boy—his boy, as, melted by pity, he now, under his illness, could not bear but to call him. His heart was full of him—the more so, that, being now out of sight, that fatal conceit of a likeness no longer could have the effect of chilling or enraging his heart. At home he had been agonised between his longing to act to him the part of a nurse, as before, and his half-maniacal impression that every one knew the secret of the child's paternity, which forbade his manly and proud mind to become the apparent dupe of another, by thus cherishing another's offspring with a father's fondness. Thus tortured at home and abroad, David altered, haggard, unshorn, and stern, recoiled from that fatal woman. He stood aloof, and saw, unmoved, (if he saw at all,) the spectacle of a fearful hæmorrhage in her who had been the wife of his choice; and neither extended his hand in return, nor could bear to speak to, or even look at her.

"Pray, come nearer," she said faintly; "I cannot lift up my voice, and I have much to say, and little time to—"

He advanced one step, no more.

Panting for breath, she needed a helping arm to upraise her in the bed, and looked imploringly toward his (that which for a brief space had enfolded, had upheld her, and tenderly too, and might still have embraced her, but for a vindictive brother); but he still withholding his help, she desperately, in a sort of angry despair, erected herself by one effort, and brushed away one tear from her eye, that he might not see it stand there. The exertion caused a fresh and more frightful effusion of the vital fluid. The husband, somewhat touched, perhaps, by her reproachful look and wild action, stooped to hand her the cup, already nearly filled with the crimson horror. Even this tardy and cold courtesy affected the unhappy wife; she wept bitterly.

"Once more, David, but once, support me upright. A little touch of your arm will lift me higher, or I cannot say what I would not die without saying for all the world."

David felt once more the touch of that hand (in its unnatural bloodless white), which he had received before God at the altar, and all the past came over him like a dream just remembered. The wedded happiness of a year, the after solitude of years; the strange transfer of his whole soul's affection to an infantile object; his pensive sort of bliss in the few years passed with him; the recent shocking wrench from his heart of that last consolation. Her frailty and its consequence, more fatal than itself, was now forgotten in this retrospect of a moment, and even returned that hand's pressure while awaiting the disclosure she had to make.

"Oh! husband, hear me with patience, while I confess—"

It was a luckless beginning.

"Heaven's curse on your confessings!" he broke forth. "I'll hear no more of them! Would to God I had never heard them! Such confessions as yours, after such treachery, are fitter for hell than heaven. Your confessions have made me childless, and your child fatherless: made me unnatural to him,—his beauty hateful to me! Having fooled me so long, you should have held your peace for ever, and died in the sin and secrecy of incontinence, as you lived in the shame of it! Truth from your lips is a crime *now*; it has wrought a more devilish mischief than the foulest lie ever did! Lie on, *now*, you wretched woman, and die in your perjury,—you'll be sooner pardoned by a pitying God than for these accursed confessions."

Faint, and wringing her hands, she had not breath to interrupt him, except with a word or two.

"Oh, hear me! oh, I was false!"

"False to me! Don't I know it! Why again? Have you not said it already to kill all the father in my heart? Wretch! I tell you once again, you ought *now* to persuade me, were it possible, that you never *had* been false! Restore me my blessed ignorance if you can; fool me into the belief that he is my own; cheat me to take him back to my bosom and bed! Would you make your peace with God before you die!—die with that merciful lie upon your lips, crying 'He is your own,—he is your own!' but, no; it is too late."

With brilliant, yet ghastly smile, and her hectic blush now heightened to a burning crimson, Margaret sprang up of her own sudden strength, supplied by the violence of her emotion, and threw her arms around her husband's neck ere he was aware, and cried,

"And so he is! on the word and oath of a dying woman he is your own! I meant, that I confess a wicked lie I told you lately; I meant, that I was false when I joined my cruel brother in his wicked lie; but you stopped me short. And I *was* false when I accused myself—on my life, and my soul's life, I was!" He shook his head as if incredulous.—"You don't believe me, then?" said she, still wringing her hands.—"Then it is too late. My poor wronged little boy!"

"Foolish, miserable woman," he said mournfully, "did you think me earnest when I said you ought to deceive me? Are you obeying that foolish, wild injunction of mine? 'Twas but my passion."

"Alas! what can I say!—how undo what I have done!—and my breath is spent. Oh, God of truth, speak for me! Some pitying mother now a saint in heaven, witness for me; whisper to his heart, convince my husband, do my dear child right before I die!"

A dawn of comfort grew visible in the gloomy eyes of the father.

"Wife!" he said solemnly, "remember—this is perhaps your death-bed."

"I do—I do! I hope it is, for I have nothing to live for; and revenging God so deal with me as I speak true or false when I say—He *is* your own! he is your own! And I too, I am—*was*—your own, ever yours; but that you regard not. I was true to you, David,—loved you—love you, David *back*! I came to your bosom even as I left my mother's at weaning time, pure as a child; and I go to my bed in the cold ground just as I left yours! Believe no other, David,—do me justice when I am there laid, husband dear! I feel we shall have no more dispute about the keeping of poor Peter. Death will soon settle that now—for ever."

David pored on her face as she spoke, as if to read her inmost soul.—He was a suspicious man, and deep melancholy now made him slow to hope, and therefore to believe.

"Margaret!" he said tremulously, and held her hand, "I implore you

not to deceive me in kindness! Truth—truth is what I pant for. Can you—dare you take an oath that that sweet and precious child is mine?"

"For God's sake bring me a Bible! There lies one—hand it me, quick!" she exclaimed, smiling brightly, though her agitation increased the frightful expectation every moment. "Invent any sort of oath the most dreadful," she continued. "On the soul's peril of a dying woman, one who knows herself dying, I kiss this word of God, and swear he is your child. Look! I have sealed it with my blood; the impression of a bloody lip is on the leaf! Yours, David, your own dear boy! Now shall I be believed! Now do you—can you forgive my foul—my unnatural lie! If you can indeed, kiss me once—once more in token of it, and that we part in—peace, in love—"

"A hundred, my own dear Margaret," he cried rapturously; "from my heart I forgive you—from my soul I believe you," and kissed her as rapturously, while the happiness of being at last believed, lit up the careworn features of the wife with such a beauty from within, that every vestige of sickness and impending death flew before it.

"You have heaved a mountain from off my breast, my dear—dear Peggy. 'Twas I who wronged you, by separating you from our darling. But we shall have no more dispute; we shall all three be happy yet."

She shook her head, and wept, for her extreme exhaustion now admonished her against indulging that hope of life which this new incident prompted so powerfully.

"Now, hear me swear, Margaret, solemnly swear, and believe me, you never had rival in my heart or bed, but that dear child—never! You shall come to Llandefelach,—we will nurse him together,—we will—"

As he spoke, the chamber-door was thrown open in haste, and one of his shepherds entered, who had ridden after him in haste, to say that the "womankind" thought there was a "change" in little Peter, by which expression David too well knew that the Welsh attendants mean some indication of approaching death, although their observation is somewhat fallacious. To David the words struck dismay through his very soul, and a ghastliness like death's own overspread his face, while all the husband forsook his heart, and he once more saw only before him the woman who had estranged him from his child, who had caused him to be at this moment at a distance from him.

"And I must be here,—at this horrid distance! I must leave him among strangers in perhaps his last—," and he scowled a dumb curse of infuriated misery at his ill-fated wife, who once more seemed to him the murderess of his life's companion,—his life's darling.

Abruptly he broke from her. Not a kiss, or embrace, or word more did he vouchsafe, but almost while her face yet remained turned after him, he vanished through the door. She was shocked by the sound of his horse's hoofs rattling with reckless and dangerous speed along the naked and rugged rock of the mountain track which gave access to the wild residence of a mountain farm which she had chosen. Her heart seemed to die within her, as the sound died away in the high distance of the declivity he was ascending.

Little did the impatient father see or heed of his road, except its dreadful length. An obstructed journey of many mountain miles was before him. He pictured to himself his darling turning his poor wan face incessantly to the door for him each time it opened; he heard him faintly asking for him; he imagined his life ebbing fast away, and only strangers round; and every craggy water-course, every broken gully, where the dingy peat-water formed a rivulet; every round of pale green verdure indicating the dangerous quagmire which he must avoid; the clogging soil of the mountain's base, spongy with springs: all these seemed to his sad eye and soul as so many inhuman foes deaf and blind to his agony, and groan, and sweat, rising up between him and that house, (that deathbed to his fancy,) wherein and by which he had already arrived in mind, and stood—a childless man. His soul, indeed, was there, but round him, eternally recalling it, was the same dismal far-stretching distance, the fading horizon of mountain rock (for it grew dark), while the only life near was that of creatures alien to the nature of man, and his strong sympathies—the kite, the fern-owl, and the dismal bittens of the dark-brown marsh. No severer trial of mortal patience can perhaps exist than that he was doomed to suffer; that constant conflict between the fond spirit stretching forward, and throwing behind all obstacles, and the hindering body, in its gradual tardy, laborious progress, impeded by every one, even the least.

This trial, however, like all human trials, had its end. He approached his house. And now every unkind look and tone of the few last dismal weeks, which he had been betrayed into toward his uncomplaining, unoffending boy, were to be atoned for in one delightful embrace. For David had made a helpmate—a companion of him, young as he was; and therefore felt no less compunction and real remorse toward him, although a child, than toward an adult. With beating heart he pulled the string of the door-latch, paused to listen, and had the joy to find all noiseless within, proving that at least the worst had not yet occurred,—that death was not in the house. It seemed that such an event must have caused something at least of confusion, akin to that tremendous commotion in his own nature which its mere conceit had been producing during the whole of his journey. He was already at his child's bedside ere any knew of his return. All was dim, by the light of the small rush taper. What was his sudden ease of heart to see one woman, only a nurse, tying on his darling's cap, in all tranquillity! The very suddenness of that ease, that stop of his heart's long palpitation, was itself a shock.

"Going to sleep, my precious! One kiss first, mine own darling,—mine own sweet boy! Forgive foolish father,—forgive him all his cruel—"

Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty quiet smile on the wan little face, but it was not at him. The lips had a dreadful formality in their closure; it was the *chin-band* applied to the falling jaw which the woman was tying, and which he mistook for the cap. The truth flashed upon him just as he uttered the word father, and he knew that he was *none*, indeed, no father. The frightful appearance of the two eye-holes instead of eyes (those beautiful eyes!) produced by two small coins, which the women had placed there, (according to idle custom,) confirmed the sad

impression. He jerked back his head, in horror, for his own lips and those of clay, his eyes and those eye-sockets, had nearly met. He uttered one deep groan, expressive of combined agony and horror, and fell at full length on the floor. It was but a minute's respite. Again he was on his feet, standing at the bedfoot, like some effigy with its stony eyes fixed on vacancy, gazing stupefied on the sad object which the officious nurse had now covered with a sheet, so that he looked only on the ghastly outline of the small corpse, with projecting face and feet.

Up to the day of his child's burial David hardly left the fatal chamber, and moved about, looking a thousand dreadful emotions, but venting none in almost total dumbness. He would not look on that last frightful duty imposed by a foul and dire necessity for the sake of survivors, but mounting horse, rode off in the direction of Cwm Carneddau, his wife's residence. Whether revenge for the fatal lie which had desolated it was up and raging in his breaking heart, and hurried him toward that miserable mother, or that a reeling mind led to rush abroad without object, while a depth of earth was being interposed between that fair object, now becoming a horror and an offence, and the living whom its beauty had so lately gratified—from one of these causes, David was absent till the middle of the second night. But of his return I shall speak in the conclusion.

I was summoned in haste soon after to Llandefelach. I was led up stairs, where I found the haggard form of the master, apparently searching everywhere for something lost, and followed mournfully by two of his shepherds. He turned his hollow eyes on me with a look of confused recollection, then giving up his search, said disconsolately. "He is not here: can you tell me where is Peter—my Peter? I look across the world, and he is not there. I look up to Heaven, and ask him of God, and God will not hear me—not answer me. I listen for his little voice all night, and cannot hear it; yet I hear it calling in my heart for ever. I shall never see him more,—never hear it more!"

The unhappy man had, I learned, reached Carneddau, and found his wife in her coffin. The shock of his furious and abrupt parting had quickly overpowered her remains of life. Whether or no his intellects were at that time already gone, must for ever remain unknown, and unknown, therefore, what was the aim of his visit. On his return he was wild in his deportment and looks; he had lost his hat; he appeared to have been immersed in a bog; his horse was discovered loose on the hill, among the pits of black peat (or *mawn*), where, doubtless, his frenzied rider had passed one dismal night.

Some years after the death of the child I was entering a town at a little distance from Llandefelach, one fine summer's night, by a cloudless moon. A peal of bells (a rather rare accompaniment of our Welsh churches,) reached my ears, from the church seen dim on an eminence above the humble town, shrouded by venerable trees, from amidst which the mossy thatches of the houses, in their grey antiquity, peeped through the thick foliage. Cows wandered about the rude streets of half green rock, steeply sloping down to a little river tumbling in a craggy channel, and keeping a perpetual gentle roar, which, deadened by the banks, produced an effect as lulling, if not as melancholy, as those distant bells. The voices of a few children, tempted out to play round a huge oak-tree, on a greensward in the middle of this lonely village town, alone broke the monotony of those mingled sounds, except when an owl was heard from a small ruin of a castle on a mound beyond that mountain brook.

Knowing this to be the native place of David Beynon, where his aged mother still resided, I thought of that unfortunate man, whom the last report I heard stated to be in the condition of raving insanity, in a receptacle for the mad. I thought of the time when he played like one of those little ones, round that tree, and obeyed the pretty summons, which I now heard from them, in English,

"Boys and girls come out to play,
Now the moon shines bright as day," &c.

On their chaunting their song, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall old man, in tattered clothes, with long hair and beard quite white, who had been sitting at the foot of the tree, and who, on the children pulling him by the withered hands, laughed shrilly, and awkwardly joined in their wild dance, to their seeming great amusement. Nothing but his stature, and something mournful and infantile in his half hysterical laugh, distinguished his manners from those of the real children, whose companion, rather than sport, he seemed to be.

It was not till I had inquired about this poor harmless being at the rustic inn, that I knew that this was David Beynon come home to his decrepit mother, to finish his mindless existence under the roof where it began.

THE GLASGOW DINNER-PARTY, OR

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

BY JAMES HOGG.

There is not only humour in the following story, but a wonderful art—the art of story-telling in perfection. The incidents of *Robinson Crusoe* are not more accurate, or more supernaturally natural. The incident is within the limits of the commonest truth, and yet plunges into the most profound mystery. The tale we remember to have read many years ago, and received it with proper degree of awe, as a real adventure which had befallen the honest Shepherd, and had been described by him. The style is his accurately, and the circumstance just such a one as would have impressed itself deeply on his mind, and provoked his reverence and wonder. If a successful hoax be a sign of talent, the author of this is an undoubted genius, and a hoax it is. Macnish, as we learn by his memoirs, was the author of the tale: and, hoax though it be, it is a psychological curiosity nevertheless—most curious, if one allows that it inspires an extraordinary degree of interest, and examines the sources from which the interest is derived.

"In an article in a number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, published little more than a year ago, a circumstance is mentioned which, psychological

speaking, is highly remarkable. It is as follows:—Several individuals dine together, when one of them, who was seldom in the habit of speaking, suddenly opens his mouth, and relates, at great length, an anecdote which one Humphries told him. Next day, the six listeners, on comparing notes, are astonished to find that not one of them can tell what the story was about. The same party meet again, the story-teller once more relates his anecdote, and, strange to say, the result upon the six is the same. They all heard it, yet none of them can give the slightest idea of its nature: they can recollect nothing but the words, 'Humphries told me,' with which the speaker always commenced his story. This relation may appear strange, and, very likely, is the mere coinage of the author's brain, for the purpose of making a good magazine article. Be that as it may, I do not look on the fact which it communicates as of so very unprecedented a nature as to be incredible; for a circumstance within my own knowledge, and in which I was one of the parties, is not a whit less strange, and yet, in every respect, equally incapable of explanation upon any known principle.

"Four years ago, I was invited to dine with Mr. John Bland, a respectable merchant in Glasgow. The company, besides the landlord and myself, consisted of Mr. Bennet, editor of the *Free Press*; Mr. Macnie, the distinguished painter; Mr. Robert Maxwell, Mr. Reid, merchant, and another individual whose name I do not recollect. In all there were seven of us. Mr. Bland, being a bachelor, did not keep house, but lodged with one Mrs. Haliburton, a respectable widow lady in Union Street. We sat down to dinner at five o'clock precisely, and the company was arranged in this manner: Mr. Bland sat at the head of the table, Mr. Bennet at the foot; the side of the table, to the chairman's right, was occupied by Messrs. Macnie and Reid; that to his left by Mr. Maxwell, myself, and the individual already referred to, who sat between us. The conversation, as might be expected in a company consisting principally of bachelors, and intimately known to each other, was of the most gay, pleasant, and rattling description; the gentleman who sat between Mr. Maxwell and myself being particularly good-humoured and facetious, and keeping us all in a roar with well-directed sallies of wit. We broke up early—I think about half-past eight o'clock; and, having some letters to write, I went home for that purpose, and retired to bed at eleven. On awaking next morning, I reflected with pleasure on the pleasant evening I had spent, and was particularly struck with the recollection of the many ludicrous things which were said by the above gentleman; but somehow, although I was intimate with him, I could not bring his name to my memory. This, however, made little impression upon me at the moment, and I did not doubt that I should soon be able to recollect it. I got up, dressed myself, and took breakfast; but just as I was finishing this meal, the door opened, and Mr. Maxwell made his appearance.

"'You will think this visit an early one,' said he, 'and the purpose of it exceedingly foolish; but the truth is, I have been torturing my brain since six o'clock this morning to get at the name of the individual who sat between us yesterday at dinner. He is well known to me; I have spoken to him frequently, and met him at parties, and yet I cannot for my life say who he is. I know you will laugh at me, but I cannot help it. I am determined to know that man's name, and so you must help me to it.'

"I was a good deal struck with what he said, nor was he less so when I mentioned that the very subject had been also engrossing my thoughts, and that I was precisely in the same dilemma. 'It is most singular,' said he, 'that we should both forget the name of this person. I must ask Bland the first time I see him.' So saying, he left the house.

"The same afternoon, going along Argyle Street on some business, I met Mr. Bennet. 'By the bye,' said he, 'what do you call the gentleman who sat between you and Mr. Maxwell? I know him very well, but somehow, I have forgotten his name.' I then mentioned what had occurred to Mr. Maxwell and myself, and he was, as you may naturally suppose, not a little surprised at the circumstance.

"This curious affair made such an impression upon my mind that I could think of nothing else; and with the view of solving, if possible, the enigma, I went immediately after dinner to the house of Mr. Reid, whom I found seated at his fireside discussing a tumbler of brandy toddy along with Mr. Macnie. Mr. Reid asked me to join them, to which I readily assented; and a tumbler having been set before me, the liquor prepared, and the healths of the two gentlemen drunk, I told them honestly the purpose of my visit, not forgetting to mention what had taken place upon the subject between Maxwell, Bennet, and myself. In making this communication, I fully expected to have been heartily laughed at; but so far was this from being the case, that they both looked at me, then at each other, with the most unfeigned astonishment.

"'Is it a fact,' said Mr. Reid seriously, 'that you do not remember the name of the gentleman who sat next you?' I assured him that such was the case.

"'And that both Messrs. Bennet and Maxwell are in the same predicament?' I repeated my assurance.

"'You have met with the person before?' said he.

"'Several times.'

"'And are acquainted with him?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'And do Mr. Maxwell and Bennet say that they have met him before, and are acquainted with him?'

"'They both say so.'

"'Well,' continued he, 'this is the most extraordinary event that ever happened. Macnie and I have just been marvelling at, and discussing this very subject. It has been running in our heads this whole day, and has puzzled us beyond imagination. In fact, Macnie came here on the very same errand as yourself. Both he and I have met with this person before: we are intimately acquainted with him, at least such is our impression, and yet, who he is, where he is from, and what his name may be, the Lord only knows! It is most amazing.'

"The interest of the case was now increased beyond measure. That one individual might forget the name of another, whom he notwithstanding knew well, was in itself possible enough; that two might do so was

not incredible; but that the name should slip through the memories of five seemed as unlikely and miraculous, as that a camel should pass through the eye of a needle. It struck us exceedingly; there was no way by which it could be rationally accounted for, and it was agitated by us all with a feeling of strange and painful anxiety. To unravel the mystery was now an object of paramount importance: to solve this riddle, more enigmatical and perplexing than that of the Sphinx, became imperative; and we all sallied forth to the lodgings of Mr. Bland, not doubting that, as he was the person by whom the individual had been invited, he must needs know all about him. On entering Mr. Bland's dining-room, we found not him only, but Messrs. Maxwell and Bennet. The trio were in the act of drinking tea, and the room smelt strongly of tobacco, Bland being a great smoker. After partaking of a cup of the wholesome beverage, Mr. Macnie stated briefly the object of our visit, detailed the incredible anxiety which we felt to fathom the mystery, commented on its strange character, and, in conclusion, asked the name of the remarkable individual who had set us all by the ears. But how much was our astonishment increased when Bland gave us to know that he was in precisely the same predicament as ourselves. The man's name was to him as inscrutable as the Eleusinian mysteries, and he could throw no light whatever upon the subject. He informed us that Messrs. Bennet and Maxwell had come on the very business, and that he, as well as the rest of us, had been exerting his faculties to no purpose in pursuit of this object, which had been to him a source of inconceivable astonishment and perplexity. I then ventured to inquire if he had invited the individual orally, or by letter; because, in the latter case, he would probably receive a written answer, which would necessarily contain the author's name; and which document, if he had it still in his possession, would set the business at rest. 'Bless me,' said he, 'I never thought of that, and I am glad you have mentioned it; for I did write him a note the day before yesterday, and he sent a written reply, which I believe I have got in my pocket.' And, putting his hand into his breeches' pocket, he brought out a card, written on fine wove gilt-edged paper, sealed with perfumed blue sealing-wax, the seal bearing the impression of a snake, and the motto *Anguis in herba*. Its contents were as follow:—

"'Dear Bland,—I shall, with great pleasure, dine with you to-morrow.
Yours truly—'

"There was no name to it—Bland had unfortunately torn away the portion of the card which contained the name, for the purpose of lighting his cigar. We were thunderstruck. To have the cup of bliss dashed from our lips, when in the point of enjoying it, was horrible, and we all cursed our unlucky stars, and wondered more and more.

"Such facts seem so incredible, that I am afraid to state any others connected with this strange affair, lest the accuracy of the whole should be called in question. Truth, however, compels me to mention, that the hand-writing of the note was familiar to us all. We had seen it before, and at once recognised it as that of the man without a name. This added still more to the singularity of this most singular business; and to crown the whole, the landlady had forgotten the person's name, although she admitted that it was once familiar to her, and that he had formerly been in her house, dining with Mr. Bland.

"Several years have elapsed since the events above recorded took place, and no circumstance has occurred to throw light upon the mystery. How it is to be explained, I know not; but it certainly affords a curious picture of the human mind, and is well worthy of being preserved, as perhaps the most remarkable psychological curiosity on record. Probably the reader may experience some difficulty in giving credit to the extraordinary and apparently absurd narrative; and, to tell the truth, I should myself, did I encounter such a story in my reading, be strongly tempted to set it down as the idle fiction of some ingenious brain; but of its truth I can speak in the most positive terms, and the other gentlemen who were parties to the case are also willing to give their unequivocal testimony in its behalf. My own impression is, there is yet much to learn in the philosophy of the mind,—that we are only on the threshold of mental science, and that a time will yet arrive when the causes of such phenomena as the above will be made perfectly manifest. At present the public, finding it impossible to explain these phenomena, deny them altogether, for the same reason that Alexander cut asunder the Gordian knot, the disentanglement of which baffled all his efforts. People have hitherto laughed at animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and homœopathy, in the face of facts brought forward and attested by some of the ablest scientific men in Europe. In the same way, the above statement will probably be ridiculed, and treated as a fiction; and not unlikely those who bear evidence of its truth be reviled as having palmed a preposterous fabrication upon the credulity of the public.

The only thing I can recollect about the mysterious character is, that he was a capital mimic and ventriloquist. Perhaps this may lead to a discovery of his identity."

Some passages of "The Man-Mountain," by the same humorous author, Dr. Macnish, are worthy to be learned by heart. Witness the vision of him through the window-blind. Milton's Satan is scarcely more tremendous.

I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter; and, in the meantime, turned my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr. Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breadth of the window-screen; nay, the shoulders shot away laterally beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts. I was carried away in imagination to the mountain solitudes of the earth. I saw Mont Blanc lifting his white, bald head, into cold immensity, and flinging the gloom of his gigantic presence over the whole sweep of the vale of Chamouni—that vale in which the master-mind of Coleridge composed

the sublimest hymn ever sung, save by the inspired bards of Israel. I was carried away to the far-off South Sea, where, at sunset, the Peak of Teneriffe blackens the ocean for fifteen miles with his majestic shadow dilated upon the waves. Then the snowy Chimborazo, cleaving the sky with his wedgelike shoulders, arose before me; and the exalted summit of volcanic Cotopaxi—both glooming the Andes with shade.

Then Ida, and Pindus, and Olympus, were made visible to my spirit. I beheld the fauns and satyrs bounding and dancing in the shadows of these classical mountains, while the Grecian maids walked in beauty along their sides, singing to their full-toned lyres, and perchance discoursing of love, screened from the noontide sun. Then I flew away to the vales of Scotland—to Corrichon, cooled by the black shade of Morven; to the GREAT GLEN, where, at sunset and sunrise, the image of Bennevis reflected many a rood upon its surface, and the Lochy murmurs under a canopy of mountain cloud.

I paused at the door for some time, uncertain whether to enter. At last my mind was made up, and I knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost glances of Julia.

The Man-Mountain, too, is in love with Julia; and superb to witness are the love-throes of this sentimental Polyphemus.

"She *shall* be mine," responded he, with a deeply drawn sigh. "You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to thy grave, thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:

"I cannot deem thee dead—like the perfumes
Arising from Judea's vanished shrines,
Thy voice still floats around me—nor can tombs
A thousand, from my memory hide the lines
Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God."

She *shall* be mine," continued he, in the same strain. "Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music of her beloved bulbul beneath the stars of night."

These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affection with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, "Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff, thou enlarged edition of Lambert, thou folio of humanity, thou Titan, thou Briareus, thou Sphynx, thou Goliath of Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence!" The Mountain was amazed at my courage: I was amazed at it myself; but what will not love, inspired by brandy, effect?

"No," continued I, seeing the impression my words had produced upon him, "I despise thee, and defy thee, even as Hercules did Antaeus, as Sampson did Harapha, as Orlando did Ferragus. 'Bulk without spirit vast,' I fear thee not—come on!" So saying, I rushed onward to the Mountain, who arose from his seat to receive me. The following passage from the *Agonistes* of Milton will give some idea of our encounter:—

"As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew,
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath."

"Psha!" said Julia, blushing modestly, "can't you let me go?" Sweet Julia! I had got her in my arms.

"But where," said I, "is Mr. Tims?"

"Mr. who?" said she.

"The man-Mountain."

"Mr. Tims! Man-Mountain!" resumed Julia, with unfeigned surprise; "I know of no such persons. How jocular you are to-night—not to say how ill-bred, for you have been asleep for the last five minutes!"

"Sweet—sweet Julia!"

Hoffman has done nothing better than this. The mad galloping of Julia's lover with the Titan—the latter's soft allusion to the rose and the bulbul,—is it not poetry upside down, and very fine poetry too?

ANATOMY OF THE CHESS AUTOMATON.

"Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat."—BUTLER.

Man may be fairly styled an animal of the class "gullible." From the hour of his birth till the day of his death, never does the organ of credulity cease to bump out his cerebrum. It is a common saying among the legs of the turf, that "there is a flat born every minute." No dictum can be based on better grounds. Man appears to glory in being swindled, upon the same principle that leads Shakspeare's citizen to boast of "having had losses." Man is "done brown" daily; but never gets wholly baked, in the scorching even of experience. The bumpkin yet gapes at Doncaster for the "little pea" beneath the thimble, with the same intense degree of viridity that poor Paddy drops his tinpenny into the big beggarman's hat, in the full belief his copper will return to him hereafter in the form of gold.

As was man in the beginning, touching his hugeness of swallow, so is he now, and so will he ever be. This quality is part and parcel of his essence; and experience here availeth him not. Almost within our own recollection, did the bottle conjuror draw his hundreds, and the Cock Lane ghost her thousands. Each Scaramuccia fills the benches; whether it be Johanna and her cradle; or Chabot, with his beefsteak stewed in Prussic acid. The mob who have seen the show, come away content, lest they be taken for dupes. Robert Macaire bows them forth; and Bertrand, beating the big drum, safely appeals to the verdict of the outgoers, as he calls on the multitude to tread in their path.

These sage reflections, and many more, equally pithy, suggested themselves irresistibly to our mind, while dusting the books in our humble li-

brary one sunny morning last week. During this interesting process, a thick tome fell on our head, quite "promiscuously;" and taking it up, on the principle of trying the "sortes Virgilianæ," we found it to consist of some half-dozen, or more, learned and voluminous tracts, on the subject of the automaton chess-player.

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER! Lofty title! magniloquent cognomen! A composition of brass or wood, of ivory or of iron, called forth from the forest or the mine, to do duty, at *no* notice, for a Philidor, a La Bourdonnais, or a McDonnell; and going sententiously through the process of reasoning and calculation—inviting, throughout Europe, all comers to break a spear in the tented field, and dealing forth checkmate so liberally from the unaided resources of its own precious block-head—marshalling its forces on the plain, and conducting them faithfully hither and thither, literally *without seeing the board*—courting the combat with our stoutest paladins, for some sixty or seventy years—and foiling every attempt to discover the whereabouts of the Promethean spark within—upsetting kings and kaisars, knights and castles, honest men and rooks, mitres and Amazons, as the boy knocks down his tiny ninepins—redressing the wrongs of injured queens, and seating them once more on their thrones of ivory or of ebony—conquering Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick of Prussia in the mimic field of war, and forcing Eugene Beauharnois to cry "ransom!"—lording it, in the strong spell of knowledge, over court and cottage, yet every where carrying off the laurel. Seriously do we pronounce the career of the Automaton to have been more gloriously brilliant, and certainly less bloodstained, than that of the greatest warrior who ever founded a kingdom or a dynasty.

The Chess-playing Automaton has never yet received the meed of notoriety so long since fairly won. The British know him chiefly by name, though he has visited their shores, and dived his hand into their pockets. Be it ours, on the present occasion, to elucidate the subject, and place the great Turk on that niche in the temple of Fame, so justly due to his achievements. Alexander the Great had his Quintus Curtius. The Automaton, like Henri Quatre, must have his Sully.

We shall deal, however, with King Log, as becometh the scribe living among a free people. Great names may not hoodwink our eyes; and if we ever meet with an ass in the lion's skin, we shall make bold to cudgel him out. We can distinguish between real merit and merely ingenious pretension; while we claim a right on all occasions to call things by their proper names—a cat being to us a cat. For three-quarters of a century, the Automaton Chess-man has been inscribed on a page of the history of earth, as of a construction and constitution absurdly miraculous; for when before did metal think, or timber calculate? We shall now examine whether the Automaton is best entitled to be typified as Jupiter Tonans or Jupiter Scapin, as Murat or Mantalini.

Let us here deposit, logically, a rough definition of what properly constitutes an automaton.

An automaton is a machine made by human hands, capable of performing sundry movements, gestures, or actions, of itself, upon the setting in motion of certain springs, or forms of power. As long as these means to the end desired are kept up and maintained, so long will the automaton perform; continuing its operations, during the whole time the moving principle remains in a healthy state. Such is an automaton in its most simple shape of existence.

The flying dove of Archytas, mentioned by Aulus Gellius, as also the wooden eagle of Regiomontanus, which flew from the city to meet the Emperor, and, having saluted him, returned back again, if they ever existed at all, may be fairly styled automata; as was the iron fly, which, at a banquet, flew out of its master's hands, and, first taking a round of the hall, again settled at the starting point. The trumpeter of Maelzel, the flute-player of Vaucanson, the Apollonicon of Flight and Robson, the wooden lady playing the pianoforte (her family is tolerably numerous!), and a hundred other similarly curious engines of the same class of automata, are doubtless familiar to the recollections of our readers.

Can the Chess-player be ranked among either one of the legitimate species of automata? The crowd, who look only on the surface, have for seventy years answered this question in the affirmative, and placed Mr. Block in our second class of automata; but have they done so correctly? *Nous verrons.* Were we to order a watch of Monsieur Leroy, which, at the word of command, would point its hands to whatsoever part of the dial we directed, the skilful French horologist would reply, that nothing but a living human hand could so shape its power of movement. Are not the two cases strictly on a par? Which, then, is the correct respondent, Monsieur Leroy or the beast called Legion? We love a correct definition. The automaton Chess-player was either a gross piece of humbug, or it was a sentient being, endowed, like man himself, with volition, judgment, and all the rest of it; but in neither case was it an automaton. Most true is it, that whenever Legion cannot readily solve any given problem, he prefers either adopting the cry of "miracle," or gulping down any solution offered, to seeking for himself the key to the mystery, through the medium of patient and laboured investigation.

But we may not further lengthen out our prologue to the farce; so pass we on at once to a glance at the original creation, life, and adventures, of our timber Frankenstein.

The Chess Automaton was the sole invention of Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, Aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the emperor in Hungary, and celebrated for great genius in every department of mechanics. From a boy, he had trod in the path of science, and was incontestably of first-rate capabilities as a mechanician and engineer. Invention was his hobby, and he rode it furiously, even to the partial impoverishment of his means. M. de Kempelen, being at Vienna in the year 1796, was invited by the Empress Maria Theresa to be present at the representation of certain magnetic games, or experiments, about to be shown in public at the imperial court by M. Pelletier, a Frenchman. During the exhibition, De Kempelen, being honoured by a long conversation with his sovereign, was induced casually to mention that he thought he could construct a machine, the powers of which should be far more surprising, and the deception more complete, than all the wonders of magnetism just displayed by Pelletier. At this declaration, the curiosit

of the empress was naturally excited; and, with true female eagerness for novelty, she drew from De Kempelen a promise to gratify her wishes, by preparing an early and practical proof of his bold assertion. The artist returned to his modest dwelling at Presburg, and girded up his loins to the task. He kept his word with his imperial mistress; and in the following year presented himself once more at the court of Vienna, accompanied by the Automaton Chess-player. Need we say that its success was triumphantly complete?

The machine being set in motion, excited the admiration of the Empress Maria Theresa, as well as of the most illustrious and scientific individuals in her circle; all of whom were freely permitted to test its extraordinary powers. The fame of the figure spread over the face of Europe, whose newspapers and journals rang with the advent of the newly born prodigy; the performances of which were duly exaggerated, *selon les règles*, in the detail. De Kempelen, a modest and quiet man, was far from smiling at the celebrity hereby acquired. He would have been glad to achieve greatness, but cared little for it when thus thrust upon him. He was held up as a wizard, a Maugraby, a Michael Scott, *première qualité*; and was almost disgusted at the success of his contrivance. In fact, De Kempelen never hesitated to speak his mind plainly as to the real merits of his engine. "It is," said he to his friends, "a trifle, not without merit as to its mechanism; but those effects, which to the spectators appear so wonderful, arise merely from the boldness of the original conception, and the fortunate choice of the means employed by me to carry out the illusion." This is the language of a great mind, not choosing prematurely to open the eyes of surrounding dupes, but scorning to take to himself greater reputation than he felt was his due; and these words alone ought to have satisfied men of *nous*, that the thing was merely a clever hoax; since, had it been that in reality which it appeared to be outwardly, viz. a machine, which by itself, and of itself alone, could conduct a game of chess, then, indeed, instead of its being a "trifle," as denominated by De Kempelen, it might proudly have reared its head, as an emanation from a mind which had discovered some hitherto unheard-of means wherewith to conquer matter.

The description of the Chess-Automaton, as he first appeared, is as minute as can be desired: he played chess, and played it well. The data were fairly established, that it was impossible the figure could be in communication with either one of the adjoining rooms, the ceiling, or the floor; and the interior of the machine being apparently so thoroughly exposed to view, removed all idea of a human person being concealed therein. Indeed, in the words of Windisch, we find that it was agreed by the spectators there was no space even for the temporary lodging of "a cat." De Kempelen's gravely walking about the room with his casket, reminds one of Friar Bacon with his learned head, or Merlin and his wand. After a few moves are played, he kindly treats the Automaton to the refreshment of winding up, to recruit his fainting energies, as one would hand a man a glass of sherry. De Kempelen frequently turned his back, moreover, on his progeny during three or four moves, conversing meanwhile with the spectators.

There could be hardly more than four forms of hypothesis broached by the spectators of the Automaton; and, by this time, we find they were all equally admitted to be fallacious. A concealed man, or boy,—conspiracy with a person in another chamber,—dependency on the floor or ceiling, magnetism or electricity, doubtless each of these theories had its votaries, and each of them was analysed in vain. But much time was not given in this stage of the performance to the exercise of the thinking faculty on the part of Germany.

Torn to pieces by the crowd, who eagerly rushed to view the phenomena, De Kempelen found it was easier to raise a spirit than to lay him again. Pestered with letters, demanding explanation, from all the *savans* of Europe; annoyed at the absurdities dealt forth ament the matter by the public press; and called upon, morning, noon and night, to set up "his motion" for the gratification of some man with a handle or a tail to his name—poor M. de Kempelen began to find out that fame, however glittering, has its drawbacks. Many years of time, and the greater part of his fortune, had he lavished in improving the science of hydraulics.—These efforts were before the public; but although deservedly of merit, his improved fire-engines and water-pumps were altogether pushed into the shade, in favor of his Automaton Chess-player! So situated, it is highly creditable to his memory that he refused the offer of large sums of money from several persons who wished to purchase the Automaton by way of speculation. For a long time, his nice sense of honour prevented him from stooping to coin cash, from metal so intrinsically base, as he felt the ore in question really to be. De Kempelen declined suffering the Automaton to be made a public exhibition; and, as the only means in his power of getting rid of the burden he had placed on his shoulders, actually took the figure partially to pieces, stowed it away, and gave out that it had been damaged by the frequent removals it had undergone from place to place. M. de Kempelen was again a free man, and once more devoted himself arduously to his really scientific discoveries. His fame as a magician died away, and his friends shook him by the hand without fearing to be brimstone-marked in the contact.

Fallen from its throne, bruised and battered, limbless and motionless, lay the turbaned *soldan*, during an interval of many years, smothered with dust, buried in darkness, and forgotten in its fall from greatness by the shouting sycophants who had so loudly hailed the rising star. But its *avatar* was to come; and it was written in the book of fate, that, like a true Turkish sovereign, it should yet be dragged from the prison in which it pined, to march once more to the triumph of the battle-field, and the throne of talent over gullibility.

The Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, came with his consort, under the travelling style and titles of the Count and Countess du Nord, to visit the Emperor Joseph II., at the court of Vienna. Every device which human talent could suggest was restored to, in order to give due entertainment to guests so illustrious; and, after a certain period, when the first eatings, drinkings, and dancings, were over, Joseph bethought him of De Kempelen and the Automaton. The royal wishes were conveyed to our philosopher, that he would oblige his sovereign by exhibiting his chess-playing

figure once again, and De Kempelen cheerfully complied with the request. To the half-bred savages of the north, composing the suite of the royal visitors, the exhibition could not fail to be striking; and the Emperor Joseph, doubtless slept that night to the tune of "How we shall astonish the Browns!"

De Kempelen employed himself with so much zeal and activity in the refurbishing up of his invention, that in five weeks' time the Automaton chess hero once more made his bow at court with entirely new "dresses, properties, and decorations." As before, its success was complete; the grand duke and his spouse, as well as the Emperor Joseph, were equally delighted and astonished by its feats. De Kempelen was handsomely rewarded, and the whole court joined in an earnest recommendation to him, for the sake of his family, no longer to resist the making an exhibition of his Automaton a matter of personal emolument. Grown worldly wise from experience, De Kempelen now considered that he should do wrong, longer to neglect this opportunity of restoring his broken fortunes. He felt, too, more assured of the merit of his secret, and determined to suffer no false delicacy for the future to prevent his reaping the harvest of his ingenious mystification. The Emperor granted him a two years' leave of absence from the duties of his office, during which time his salary was equally to go on; and the Aulic counsellor prepared to travel through Germany, France, and England, in company with the wonderful figure whose fame had already diffused itself throughout civilised Europe.

It was in the year 1783 that De Kempelen and the Automaton first came to Paris. They were received with a hearty welcome, and the plaudits of *la grande nation* knew no bounds. The Automaton, however, as a player, was beaten by the great professors at the Café de la Régence, then the resort of the *élite*. But whether one's nerves are strung on wood or bone, one need not be ashamed at being vanquished by first-raters; and the merit of the figure, of course, did not depend upon its invariably winning. It is worthy of observation, that De Kempelen himself was very inferior to his Automaton as a chess-man; since in playing in the ordinary manner, a first-rate practitioner could give him the rook; but there was much less difference between the best flesh-and-blood players, and their wooden opponent. The first French artists were foiled in their attempts to dive into the mystery, and many and elaborate were the theories set up on the occasion, all of which broke down as before on being put to the test. De Kempelen found his speculation a capital hit; and, leaving Paris for a time, crossed Dover Straits with the Automaton, to levy contributions on the pockets of John Bull.

Chess was at that period exclusively played in England by the aristocracy, and among that class was extremely fashionable, owing to Philidor (honour to his mighty shade!) This renowned player spent the greater part of his time in London, and thus gave an impetus to the cultivation of the game. Whether he personally played with the Automaton, we know not, and it matters little; he had formed a school of chess here, of greater extent than was ever seen before or after. To this cause may be attributed the high fee of admission to a sight of our Automaton, fixed by M. de K. at five shillings! Hundreds and thousands of persons flocked to the show; and the silver crowns rained down on the ingenious inventor, till he was almost knee deep in the argent stream. An improvement had been made, too, in the really mechanical part of his figure, which now pronounced from its mouth something for *échec*, in giving check to the king.

But England contains a good deal of blood rather sceptical in these latter times as to the possibility of miracles, and there was not wanting a man now to stand up in the cause of common sense. Mr. Philip Thicknesse printed a pamphlet in 1785, in which he denounces the chess-playing Automaton as a piece of imposture, in no measured terms. Partly hitting the secret, he assumes that a child is confined in the chest, from ten to fourteen years of age, who plays the game; but adds, absurdly enough, that Master Johnny sees the state of the board reflected from a looking-glass in the ceiling. In fact, Mr. Thicknesse appears to have been one of those true old English grumblers who find fault with every thing, and therefore are certain now and then to be in the right, *by chance*. He had previously discovered a somewhat analogous case of curious imposture worth quoting, as tending to show what had put him on the scent:—

"Forty years since," writes Thicknesse, "I found three hundred people assembled to see, at a shilling each, a coach go without horses, moved by a man within of a wheel, ten feet in diameter, just as the crane-wheel raises goods from ships on a quay. Mr. Quin, the Duke of Athol, and many persons present, were angry with me for saying it was trod round by a man within the hoop, or hinder wheel; but a small paper of snuff put into the wheel, soon convinced all around that it could not only move, but sneeze too, like a Christian!"

We wonder how De Kempelen would have met a proposition to throw an ounce or two of snuff upon speculation among his springs and levers!

But the period was now at hand when the poor Automaton was destined a second time to afford fresh proofs of the ingratitude and inconsistency of man. He was to be deserted by his brilliant train of admirers, and go once more, for a space, into outer darkness. Returning from France and England to Germany, De Kempelen carried his Saracenic toy, by special invitation, to the court of Frederick (called "the Great"), at Berlin. This prince was an enthusiastic admirer of chess, and carried his devotion to Caissa so far as to even play a game, by correspondence, with Voltaire, sending a royal courier to and fro, between Paris and Berlin with the moves. The Automaton beat Frederick and his whole court, which he might easily do, as the prince was only what is termed in the Westminster Chess-club, a "rook player." Eager to solve the riddle, Frederick adopted the truly royal means of purchasing it. For a large sum, the Automaton Chess-player became his majesty's subject, slave and serf, with all its rights and appendages. The cash being paid down, De Kempelen, in a *tête-à-tête* with the king, divulged the whole of his magic art. Frederick's pride was mortified by the disclosure, though he never revealed the secret; nor did he send his purchase to rot, like a living offender, in the dungeons of Spandau. He was hurt, however, at having been, as he fancied, duped. The spell was dissolved; the charm broken. The Automaton, shorn of its beams, and denounced by offended majesty as a swindling imposture, was carelessly thrown aside into an obscure lumber-room; where, for the

next thirty years, it lay in profound repose, like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, awaiting a visit of the prince destined alone to dissolve its long inglorious slumber.

That prince came, and that prince was Napoleon; sent by fate to stir up many other slumberers nodding on their thrones, as well as our mighty wooden Tamerlane. Napoleon came to Berlin, and the Chess Automaton was again himself. Freshly armed and caparisoned, did he gaily sally forth once more to victory. He had been forgotten, and was therefore received like a fresh creation. Accompanied, during the next few years of his life, by a demonstrator formed in the school of De Kempelen (then dead), the Automaton once more journeyed by land and by sea, in search of fresh victims. As of old, he was every where successful; and the veil of necromancy which covered his movements, remained still equally impenetrable to the lights of philosophy and science.

Napoleon, himself a chess-player, honoured the Automaton by playing a game in person against it. The contest was marked by an interesting circumstance. Half a dozen moves had barely been played, when Buonaparte, purposely to test the powers of the machine, committed a false move; the Automaton bowed, replaced the offending piece, and motioned to Napoleon that he should move correctly. Highly amused, after a few minutes the French chief again played an illegal move. This time, the Automaton, without hesitation, snatched off the piece which had moved falsely, confiscated it, and made his own move. Buonaparte laughed; and, for the third time, as if to put the patience of his antagonist to a severe trial, played a false move. The Automaton raised his arm, swept the whole of the pieces off the board, and declined continuing the game!

We must here pass rapidly over a rather long interval of time, at the end of which we find the Automaton Chess-player at the court of Eugene Beauharnois, then King of Bavaria. Preceded by its colossal reputation, our figure (the property then of M. Maelzel, the celebrated fabricator of the musical metronome, and other works of art), fully sustained its well-won fame. Eugene was fond of chess, and money was of little object. He could not resist the temptation of acquiring the secret which had set the wits of the world at defiance for so many years; and, for the second time, was the Automaton Chess-player sold, like a slave, for a price. Thirty thousand francs were asked by the proprietor, and this sum was unhesitatingly paid by Prince Eugene for the machine and its key.

And now the moment has arrived when the treasured mystery of De Kempelen is to be again opened at the golden bidding of royalty. The veil is about to be raised, and the curiosity of the king to be gratified. The courtiers are dismissed the room, the door locked by Eugene, and every precaution taken to ensure his acquiring the sole knowledge of the hidden enigma. The prince is alone with the demonstrator; the latter, unhesitatingly and in silence, flings open simultaneously all the doors of the chest; and Prince Eugene saw—what he saw!

Mr. Blue Beard, at the door of the azure chamber, looked not more blue than did Bavaria's monarch, but Eugene faced the *dénouement* with greater wisdom than had done the former royal purchaser of the secret. He shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, laughed at the joke, and though he probably thought his purchase *rather dear at the price*, expressed much gratification at inspecting the figure in all its parts. He even subsequently placed himself in the necessary relation with the Automaton, and giving it the invisible impulse, conducted it during several games against some of his most intimate friends.

But, the novelty over, what was the use of the hero's newly-made purchase? Napoleon's followers had little time granted them for rest, and Prince Eugene felt the Automaton likely to become a dead, as well as a dumb, weight upon his hands. True, he could amuse himself with it, by suffering it to march in his suite; it appeared that a good player, a real living man, was a necessary accompaniment to produce the desired degree of *éclat*. The demonstrator, who received the audience, was not sufficient, and could do no good single-handed; a player must therefore be engaged and attached to the court to conduct it properly, and the fox would be unearthed from his hole in a fortnight. The prince found himself in a most unkingly description of dilemma. He had got the lamp, but found he must also retain the genius of the lamp, or else throw away his toy, like a child when it has broken the works of a threepenny watch to see what made it tick. Prince Eugene was still wavering as to the course to be adopted, when the sagacious Mr. Maelzel, who had already experienced some regret at parting with his *protégé*, requested the favour to be again reinstated in the charge, promising to pay Eugene the interest of the thirty thousand francs Mr. M. had pocketed. This proposition was graciously conceded by the gallant Beauharnois, and Maelzel thus had the satisfaction of finding he had made a tolerably good bargain, getting literally the money for nothing at all!

Leaving Bavaria with the Automaton, Maelzel was once more *en route*, as travelling showman of the wooden genius. Other automata were adopted into the family, and a handsome income was realised by their ingenious proprietor. Himself an inferior player, he called the assistance of first-rate talent to the field as his ally. Our limits compel us to skip over some interval of time here, during which Mr. Bencourt (we believe) was Maelzel's *chef* in Paris, where the machine was received with all its former favour; and we take up the subject in 1819, when Maelzel again appeared with the Chess Automaton in London.

Here the exhibition drew crowds of visitors, and excited universal admiration. The press teemed with compliments to the wooden player; and its success, as a curiosity, was considerably enhanced by the circumstance of its almost universally coming off victorious. Maelzel well knew that the effect produced by the exhibition would be incalculably greater in proportion to the skill displayed by the figure. He engaged the powerful assistance of a first-rate English player, who conducted the automaton for something like a twelvemonth; at the end of which time he was relieved from his laborious duty by the celebrated Mouret, one of the first players in France.

Mouret was a chess-player of the Deschapelles' school, and stood deservedly high on the list of great players. His game was, perhaps, less brilliant than sound and sure. To make the play of the Automaton still

more striking, it was now resolved that it should give the odds of pawn and move to all comers. Under the inspiration of Mouret, it accomplished this, hardly losing one game in a hundred. Fifty of the games played during the Siamese-twins-like connexion of Mouret and the Automaton (body and board), were taken down, in 1820, by Mr. Hunneman, and published in a small volume. These games contain a fair specimen of Mouret's great skill, and embody some beautiful emanations of genius.—Throughout the whole, he gives the pawn and move, numbering among his opponents Messrs. Brand, Cochrane, Keen, and Mercier—some of the first chess-players of the time. Mouret, be it stated, *en passant*, had the honour of being chess-teacher to the family of Louis Philippe, king of the French. Every encouragement was given by the chess circle to Mouret's talent; but he unhappily formed habits of dissipation fatal to his respectability and standing in society. He burnt out his brain with brandy, and died recently in Paris, reduced to the extremest stage of misery and degradation.

Throughout the preceding pages of this essay, although we have said, probably, sufficient to put our readers on the right track, as to finding their own way to the centre of the Cretan labyrinth of which we write; yet have we purposely deferred fully uncovering our Mokanna prematurely to the gaze of the multitude. We now proceed to give our own explanation of the whole affair, and in so doing, shall turn the Automaton Chess-player inside out. De Kempelen, Maelzel, and Mouret, are now all dead, and the Chess-Automaton will probably never revisit our shores, Mouret sold the secrets of his prison-house to the French penny magazine; and M. de Tournay, a member of the Paris chess-club, has also published an abstract of the matter in the *Palamède*. No one scruple of delicacy can cause us longer to refrain from completely unmasking this clever piece of sheer impudent imposture.

The man who really played the Chess-Automaton was concealed in the chest. Such, in a half-a-dozen words, is the sum and substance of the whole truth of the contrivance; but the manner in which his concealment was managed is as curious as it is ingenious.

He sat on a low species of stool, moving on castors, or wheels, and had every facility afforded him of changing and shifting his position, like an eel. While one part of the machine was shown to the public, he took refuge in another; now lying down, now kneeling; placing his body in all sorts of positions, studied beforehand, and all assumed in regular rotation, like the *A B C* of a catechism. The interior pieces of clock-work—the wheels and make-weight apparatus were all equally moveable; and additional assistance was thus yielded to the fraud. Even the trunk of the Automaton was used as a hiding-place, in its turn, for part of the player's body. A very short amount of practice, by way of rehearsal, was found sufficient to meet the purposes of the occasion; and one regular order being observed by the two confederates as to the opening the machine, a mistake rarely or never occurred. Should any thing go radically wrong, the prisoner had the means of telegraphing his gaoler, and the performance could be suspended.

"But," says the reader, "what becomes of the vast apparatus of wheels, springs, levers, and caskets, which we ourselves saw? Why did Maelzel require to wind up his man of wood and brass?" The answer is short. These things were the dust thrown in the eyes of the public. The mind of the gaping spectator dwelt on the sound of springs and wheels, and was thus diverted from the main question. Every adjunct that intellect could devise was skillfully superadded, to enhance the marvel. The machine was railed off, for a *now* tolerably clear reason; and a lighted candle having been first introduced into the body of the Automaton, to show the interior, *at a moment nothing could be seen*, was purposely left burning close at hand, in order to prevent any inopportune rays of light flashing from the interior, where a second candle was necessarily in process of ignition.

The director of the Automaton was quietly seated, then, in the interior. All public inspection over, and the doors being safely closed, he had only to make himself as comfortable as he could under the existing circumstances. A wax candle supplied him with light, which the candle burning outside prevented being observed; and due measures were taken that he should not die for want of oxygen. Whether he was furnished with meat, and wine, these deponents say not.

To direct the arm of the Automaton, the concealed confederate had but to set in motion a simple sort of spring, which caused its fingers to grasp the man he chose to play, and guide it to the performance of its task. To make the figure articulate check, nod its head, or perform other fooleries, similar strings, or wires, required but a pull. It must be observed, that care was taken that the performance should never last so long as to fatigue the player to exhaustion. We have before remarked, that the Automaton's chess-board and men were placed in public view before him. The concealed player possessed in the interior a second, and smaller, board, with the men pegged into it, as if for travelling. On this he repeated the move played by the antagonist of the Automaton, and on this he likewise concocted his scheme of action, and made his answer, before playing it on the Automaton's own board, through the agency of Mr. Wood's digits. A very interesting and ingenious part of the secret consists in the manner in which the move played by the stranger was communicated to the concealed artist; and on this, in point of reality, turned the whole thing. A third chess-board, blank, with the squares numbered according to the usual mode of chess notation, was fixed, as it were, in the ceiling of the interior; thus forming the reverse of the table on which the Automaton really appeared to play. Now, the men with which the Automaton conducted his game were all duly magnetised at the foot; and the move being made above the magnets on the pieces moved set in motion certain knobs, or metallic indices, adapted to each square of the board on the reverse; and thus was the requisite knowledge of the move played communicated to Jack-in-the-box. To illustrate this more clearly would require the aid of engravings; but we have given the explanation at least sufficiently distinct for our purpose. The real Simon Pure, shut up in his cell, saw by the light of his taper the metallic knobs, or indices, above, vibrating, so as to mark the move just played. He repeated this move on his own little board, calculated his answering "coup," and guided the Automaton's fingers, in

order to its being duly performed. The happy association of magnetism with the figure, thus hit upon by De Kempelen, was probably suggested to him by the magnetic experiments of Pelletier, at the court of the empress.

Tedious as a "twice-told tale," is the dwelling too long on the reading a riddle. When known, its solution seems simple enough; but the difficulty lies in its original construction. The Automaton Chess-player affords strong evidence of the fallibility of human judgment and human testimony. Thousands of individuals have seen its performance in Spring Gardens, and St. James's Street, who would have had no scruple about taking their oaths that they had viewed the whole of the engine at once. In this respect, the ingenuity displayed by its original constructor is above praise. Man loves so to be duped!

In estimating the difficulty of the problem, be it remembered, that it was never solved, until one of the parties implicated in the fraud turned king's evidence. Several persons almost hit the mark; but none fairly planted his arrow in the gold. Had such been the case, a double of the Automaton would probably have started; indeed, as it is, we are of opinion that a similar figure would prove a first-rate speculation, in a pecuniary point of view, could the moving principle of action be changed, as it easily might, by a clever mechanician. A man inside will, most assuredly, never again work the charm; but, advanced as is science during the present generation, a Brunel, or a Stephenson could easily, and successfully, vary the deception.

The history of the Chess-playing Automaton, subsequently to 1820, may be shortly summed up. Having travelled over the greater part of Europe it was transported to the United States of America, where for a time it proved that the natives of the New World were made of the same stuff as their elder brethren. Jonathan dropped his dollars freely; and the calculating spirit of the land of stripes and stars, slumbered beneath the spell of Maelzel's magic. A German accompanied it, as holding the important post of invisible demonstrator, ordinary and extraordinary. Lynch-law would, doubtless, have been awarded the trio, had the secret been discovered in that sweet land of liberty!

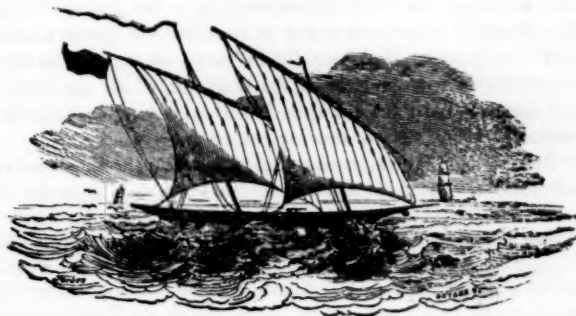
Carrying out the same principle of conduct, the Automaton subsequently took to playing whist, as well as chess. For some years, latterly, the figure has lain in a state of inglorious repose in a warehouse at New Orleans; and there we leave him, fearing the word *resurgam* may not be applied to its escutcheon. A similar bubble once blown becomes for ever exploded in its pristine form.

Many must be the adventures of the Automaton, lost, unhappily, to the knowledge of man. A being that kept so much good company, during so long a space of time, must, indeed, have gone through an infinity of interesting events. In this age of autobiography, when so many wooden men and women have the assurance to thrust their personal memoirs on the world, a book on the life and adventures of the Automaton Chess-player would surely be received with proportionate interest. We ourselves recollect once hearing some amusing anecdotes of the thing from Mouret himself. Our limits permit our quoting but a couple of these log-wood reminiscences, which we give, by way of wind-up.

In a journey once through a remote part of Germany, the Automaton set up his tent in a small town, where a professor of legerdemain being already in possession of the field, a clash between the interests of the two parties was unavoidable. The Automaton, as the monster of the late arrival, naturally put the conjuror on the shelf; and the poor Hocus-pocus, in the energies developed by famine, conversant as he was with the art he professed, discovered his rival's secret the first time he witnessed the show. Backed by an accomplice, the conjuror raised a sudden cry of, "Fire! fire!" The spectators began to rush forth in alarm; and the Automaton, violently impelled by the struggles of its inward man, suddenly rolled head over heels on the floor. Maelzel flew to the rescue and dropped the curtain, before terror had quite driven the imprisoned imp to burst its chain, and rush to daylight.

On another occasion, Messrs. Maelzel and Mouret were exhibiting the Automaton at Amsterdam, when it happened that the former was indebted in a considerable sum of money, relatively speaking, to his agent for his services. In fact, Maelzel, acting on the philosophical aphorism of "base is the slave who pays," had not given poor Mouret a shilling for a twelve-month; and the latter found that, although a spirit of darkness, he could not live upon air. Mouret was lodged and boarded, but wanted also to eat. It so chanced, under these circumstances that one day the King of Holland sent a messenger to engage the chief part of the exhibition-hall that morning, for himself and court; and kindly seconded his royal command by the sum of three thousand florins, sent by the same courier. Maelzel proclaims the good tidings; a splendid breakfast is prepared; Mouret is pressed to eat and drink; and the parties are naturally delighted at the pleasing prospect of checkmating royalty. Maelzel hastens to arrange every preparation for receiving the Dutch monarch with "all the honours." The exhibition was to commence at half-past twelve; but, although noon had struck on every clock in the city, Mouret was not at his post. Maelzel inquires the reason, and is told that Mouret has got a fever, and gone to bed. The German flew to the Frenchman's chamber, and found half the story at least to be correct; for there, sure enough, lay Mouret, snugly tucked up in the blankets. "What is the meaning of this?" "I have a fever." "But you were very well just now?" "Yes; but this disorder—O ciel!—has come on suddenly." "But the king is coming." "Let him go back again!" "But what shall I say to him?" "Tell him—mon Dieu!—the Automaton has a sore throat!" "Can you jest at such a moment? Consider the money I have received, and that we shall have the saloon full." "Well Mynheer Maelzel, you can return the money." "Pray, pray, get up!" "I cannot." "What can I do to restore you?" "Pay me the fifteen hundred francs you owe me!" "This evening!" "No; pay me now—this moment; money down, or I leave not my bed!" The case was urgent, and the means of restoration to health, however desperate, must be adopted. With a heavy sigh, Maelzel told down the cash; and never had the Automaton played with so much inward unction as he did that morning. The king declined compromising royalty by entering the lists himself; but placed his minister-of-war in the opposition chair, and graciously condescended to offer his royal advice in each critical situa-

tion of the pieces. The colation was beaten, and the surrounding courtiers, of course, attributed defeat solely to the bad play of the minister-of-war! Westminster Chess Club, May, 1839. G. W.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839.

MR. WILLIS'S FIRST LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

More fortunately than we ventured to anticipate, our friend and associate arrived in England after a passage of twenty days, in season to avail himself of the steam-packet Liverpool, and to write us a brief letter, announcing his happiness in again setting foot on *terra firma*. His most welcome letter will speak for itself; but in justice to Mr. Willis we will take the liberty of saying that, when on the ocean, it is his misfortune to be constantly ill with sea sickness and mostly confined to his berth, which readily accounts for his refraining to enter into any detail of the events of the voyage. No sooner, however, does he "snuff the land breeze," and disembark, than his spirits revive, and he luxuriates with his wonted felicity of expression in giving vent to his joy.

We are pained to add, that immediately on sealing the subjoined letter, so indicative of the happiness he was gratefully indulging, it was announced to him that his aged and respected father-in-law, Mr. William Stace, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, died the week previous to his arrival.—Sympathy with one dearest to him, will naturally engross for a time his tenderest sensibilities; but on the arrival of the British Queen, already on her way, we confidently expect a renewal of the correspondence which thenceforward will be uninterrupted.

SHIP GLADIATOR, OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
Evening of June 9th, 1839.

My dear doctor,

The bullet which preserves the perpendicular of my cabin-lamp is at last still, I congratulate myself; and with it my optic nerve resumes its proper and steady function. The vagrant tumblers, the peripatetic teeth-brushes, the dancing stools, the sidling wash-basins and *et ceteras*, have returned to a quiet life. The creaking bulk-heads cry no more. I sit on a trunk which will not run away with me, and pen and paper look up into my face with their natural sobriety and attention. I have no apology for not writing to you except want of event since we parted.—There is not a mile-stone in the three thousand four hundred miles I have travelled. "Travelled," said I! I am as unconscious of having moved from the wave on which you left me at Staten Island as the prisoner in the hulk. I have pitched forward and backward, and rolled from my left cheek to my right; but as to any feeling of having gone onward I am as unconscious of it as a lobster backing after the ebb. The sea is a dreary vacuity, in which he, perhaps, who was ever well upon it, can find material for thought. But for one, I will sell at sixpence a month, all copyhold upon so much of my life as is destined "to the deep, the blue, the black," (and whatever else he calls it) of my friend the song-writer.

Yet there are some moments recorded, first with a sigh, which we find afterwards copied into memory with a smile. Here and there a thought has come to me from the wave, snatched listlessly from the elements—here and there a word has been said which on shore should have been wit or good feeling—here and there a good morning, responded to with an effort, has, from its courtesy or heartiness, left an impression which will make to-morrow's parting phrases more earnest than I had anticipated.—With this green isle to windward, and the smell of earth and flowers coming to my nostrils once more, I begin to feel an interest in several who have sailed with me. Humanity, killed in me invariably by salt water, revives, I think, with this breath of hawthorn.

The pilot tells us that the Montreal, which sailed ten days before us, has not yet passed up the channel, and that we have brought with us the first west wind they have had in many weeks. The sailors do not know what to say to this, for we had four parsons on board, and by all seacanon, they are invariable Jonahs. One of these gentlemen, by the

way, is an abolitionist, on a begging crusade for a school devoted to the amalgam of color, and very much to the amusement of the passengers he met the steward's usual demand for a fee with an application for a contribution to the funds of his society! His expectations from British sympathy are large, for he is accompanied by a lay brother "used to keeping accounts," whose sole errand is to record the golden results of his friend's eloquence. But "eight bells" warn me to bed; so when I have recorded the good qualities of the Gladiator, which are many, and those of her captain, which are more, I will put out my sea-lamp for the last time, and get into my premonitory "six feet by two."

THE GEORGE INN, PORTSMOUTH.—This is a morning in which (under my circumstances) it would be difficult not to be pleased with the entire world. A fair day in June, newly from sea, and with a journey of seventy miles before me on a swift coach, through rural England, is what I call a programme of a pleasant day. Determined not to put myself in the way of a disappointment, I accepted without the slightest hesitation on landing at the wharf, the services of an elderly gentleman in shabby black, who proposed to stand between me and all my annoyances of the morning. He was to get my baggage through the customs, submit for me to all the inevitable impositions of tide waiters, secure my place in the coach, bespeak me a fried sole and green peas, and sum up his services, all in one short phrase of £ s. d. So putting my temper into my pocket, and making up my mind to let roguery take the wall of me for one day unchallenged, I mounted to the grassy ramparts of the town to walk off the small remainder of sea-air from my stomach, and admire every thing that came in my way. I would recommend to all newly landed passengers from the packets to step up and accept of the sympathy of the oaks of the "King's Bastion" in their disgust for the sea. Those sensible trees, leaning toward the earth and throwing out their boughs as usual to the landward, present to the seaward exposure a turned up and gnarled look of nausea and disgust, which is as expressive to the commonest observer as a sick man's first look at his bolus. I have great affinity with trees, and I believe implicitly that what is disagreeable to the tree cannot be pleasant to the man. The salt air is not so corrosive here as in the Mediterranean, where the leaves of the olive are eaten off entirely on the side toward the sea, but it is quite enough to make a sensible tree turn up its nose, and in that attitude stands most expressively every oak on the "King's Bastion."

I have returned from this pleasant walk, dear Doctor, gay, fresh, and with once more an earthy feel in my limbs. And now a brief adieu, for here comes my fried sole, done to a most judicious and delicate tint of brown, and with it the most grateful flankers of peas and asparagus.—Faith! you'll excuse me breaking off.

N. P. W.

ASSASSINATION AN AMERICAN CRIME.

The Rochester Daily Sun, says that Lett, the murderer of Capt. Usher, passed through that city on his way to Texas. "He made no secret of the affair, but publicly exhibited the carbine with which he shot him, and also one of the two bullets he had cast for the purpose.—He was armed with a brace of pistols, two bowie knives, and a carbine. He may do very well for Texas, but a man that would call another at his door at midnight, and murder him in cool blood, would never make a good member of society."

A good member of Society! We should rather think not. Unless, indeed, respectable members of society should do as did Italian nobles of repute in the olden time; hire assassins to do their murderous work for them. When we come to that pass of refinement, such creatures may make useful if not "good members of society." And are we not attaining to such a state of things with frightful rapidity? Is not private assassination as much an American crime as it ever was an Italian? Is not the Bowie knife as much our national weapon as the stiletto was his? It is withering to acknowledge the existence of such a damnable stain upon our character—but is it not there—and does not the accursed blot strike deeper and spread itself from day to day? Why, you cannot unfold a newspaper without reading of one of these cowardly murders! And so common—so very common are they that instead of being stigmatized as formerly by their proper names, and calling out a column of indignant invective from the press, we find a half a dozen of them at a time jumbled up among the common newspaper items, and passed over under the accommodating titles of "unfortunate rencontre," "fatal effects of passion," "melancholy fracas," or some other milk and water epithet equally significant.

Now, we hold the outrages of Lynch Law, dreadful as they are, as nothing compared with this state of things. For the outrages of a mob reflect only upon the political institutions of a people, but the habitual and bloody felonies of individuals argue a spread of personal depravity that is far more appalling. The acts of the mob spring only from ignorance and a barbarous zeal in what they deem a good cause. The deeds of the assassin own their birth to meanness and malignity. The madness of the one may be cured by the onward progress of society, but the crime of the other has been found to increase even when society had reached the highest stage of refinement. The stiletto was never more freely used

in Italy than when learning and the arts flourished under the magnificent Medici, and the hellish art of poisoning reached its highest perfection, when the reign of Louis XIV. made Paris the abode of all that was elegant and refined. If then this horrid tendency to private assassination is ever to be eradicated among us, the monstrous wickedness must be grappled with at once. The philanthropist must no longer shut his eyes upon its existence or its increase. He must leave for a while his Temperance Societies, his foreign missions, his Magdalen associations, or whatever other schemes of theoretical good he may be engaged in, and buckle on his armour for an encounter with one of the most dreadful evils that can afflict society. He must harken to the blood of his brother that cryeth to him from the ground, and turn a deaf ear to all other calls until his be answered.

NEWS BY THE LIVERPOOL.

Our columns of to day will evidence that this successful Steam Packet has not brought us intelligence of any important event. The European papers received, are filled with political discussions, especially those from England, where the late Ministerial "turn-out and turn-in" afford ample theme for serious reflection—or humorous display of wit.

The election of Speaker of the House of Commons, resulted in the election of the Whig candidate, Mr. Lefevre, by a majority of eighteen, a gentleman acknowledged to possess, even by Tory prints, excellent temper, polished manners, courteousness of address and firmness of character. Mr. Goulburn, the unsuccessful candidate was greeted by the cheers of his colleagues and allies, evincing their confidence in his political character, and the warmth of their personal friendship and esteem. A humorous editor remarks on the posthumous courtesies paid to the late incumbent that "when a man dies it becomes an act of charity to forget his faults and dwell upon his virtues—a respect for the defunct, which, as the joke goes, is due even to dead small-beer; but why Mr. ABERCROMBY should be thus be-praised and regretted, we cannot understand. We are told that all these eulogies refer to his proper management of private business. We have no wish to detract from this particular praise, but, we must say that the public decorum of that assembly has, during the presidency of Mr. ABERCROMBY, been in such a state, as in it, or, indeed, in any respectable debating club was never seen before."

The opposition papers insist on the growing unpopularity of the youthful Queen, owing to the recent events at her Court. They say that on the race course, at Ascot, the Royal cortege moved along the course more like a funeral than a gay procession of royalty; the tramp of the horses' feet upon the turf, might be heard; but the greetings were restrained and cold; not a hat was raised—not a head uncovered, as their young and ill-used Sovereign passed between the ranks of her people towards the Royal Stand.

This was a sad and sorry sight, contrasted with the joyous, the tumultuously joyous reception with which King George the Fourth was hailed, and the hearty welcome which William the Fourth received from his subjects—sad and sorry, because even if the Queen had of herself done that which lost her the popularity she but two short years since enjoyed, it would be a sad and sorry sight to see the Kingly office fall in the estimation and respect—affection we will call it—of the people.

The return from the Stand was marked with equal coldness and apathy; and although from the increased crowd of Thursday, something more like a manifestation of consciousness that it was the Sovereign who honoured the course with her presence was observable, still it was forced.

One thing only consoles them for these unfavourable symptoms of popular feeling, and that is, the hope that the QUEEN, emancipated from the Taboo's confines of her Palace, and without the "wall of flesh," by which she is so pestiferously surrounded, may learn from an association with her people—all ardently anxious to give her their loyal and dutiful love and affection—the real state of the case, and her true position as regards their sentiments, under existing circumstances. If anything more than the coldness—to call it by its mildest term—of Her MAJESTY's reception at Ascot—were wanting to open her eyes, the exceedingly warm reception of a different and most disagreeable character to which Lord MELBOURNE was doomed, might perhaps be fully adequate to effecting the object.

We are well aware that these representations of a partizan press, must be received with great allowance to the spirit of party, but we take it, there is no doubt of a very general dissatisfaction among the more thinking classes of her Majesty's subjects, in relation to those individuals who are supposed to influence her royal mind.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.—The skies, as they generally are on that day, were propitious to the celebration of our nation's birth-day; which was celebrated in New-York, not only by our citizens, but by thousands of strangers who flock in to witness the occasion. We have been told by the residents of other cities, that in no part of the Union is our great anniversary so lively and general a jubilee as it is in Gotham. Long may it be commemorated as now among us! For even if the day had less claim upon our patriotic feelings, than all must own that it has, we need

such a holiday at least once a year to stir us up to other sympathies and associations than those connected with dram-shop politics or "the almighty dollar!"

THE PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL IN NEW-YORK.—This event occurring in the same week with our national holiday, has given to the last four days the appearance of one continued celebration. Mr. Van Buren reached the city at 1 o'clock on Tuesday, and was accompanied to his lodgings, at the Washington Hotel, by an immense cavalcade of horse and infantry. Broadway, and the streets through which the procession passed, were thronged with citizens at the windows, and house-tops filled with eager spectators. There was less enthusiasm than on the occasion of Gen. Jackson's arrival amongst us, but yet enough, we should imagine, to gratify the hopes of the most heated partisan. The day was most propitious, the sun veiling his garish rays with fleecy clouds, and the evening closing in with a refreshing shower.

"LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.—The beautiful verses bearing this title, in our last week's paper, were written by O. W. Holmes, Esq., of Boston, and appeared originally in the American Monthly Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WHITE SULPHUR PAPERS, or Life at the Springs of Western Virginia, published by Colman, No. 8 Astor House.

This pleasing volume issued from the press some weeks since, we believe, but did not find its way to our arcanum until the present week. It is due to its young and gentlemanly author to state this, lest we might appear to have slighted what has afforded us much amusement. The volume is desultory in its character, embracing a variety of subjects written of in a pleasing and playful manner, and will prove a pleasant travelling companion to those visiting the sublime localities and mineral waters of which it treats. The Springs of Virginia have now become so deservedly popular, and the season for visiting them being already at hand that we anticipate a rapid sale for the "White Sulphur Papers."

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE: published monthly.—The number of new literary enterprises demanding our attention this week shall not cause us to overlook the claims of this handsomely executed and well filled monthly. As its title imports, the work is addressed to the most enterprising and the largest class of the citizens of this commercial Emporium—to the Merchants. As no class are more numerous, so none are more able and disposed to patronise a work suited to their wants and devoted to their interests. If Mr. Hunt, as we believe he will, meet their expectations and afford them a spirited and able Magazine, he cannot fail to realize the highest object of his ambition—complete success.

COLMAN'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: Grenville Mullen and William Cutter, Editors. We hail with pleasure this new craft just lunched on the Ocean of Literature. It has a buoyant look, is well rigged, and the officers who command her are known for their ability as seamen, and their courtesy as gentlemen. She was built under the immediate eye of Mr. Colman, No. 8 Astor House, and displays the taste and enterprise of that experienced craftsman. None with more heartiness than we, wish all, who have ventured in the enterprise, the enjoyment of favouring breezes—a steady run, and a prosperous voyage.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the quarter ending in July is already out, and commends itself by the variety and interest of its subjects. It may be found at Colman's, No. 8 Astor House.

MY SON'S BOOK, by the author of *My Daughter's Manual*, is a very pretty volume, calculated to impress on the mind of youth the requisites of a gentleman, and to urge their adoption. Published by Bradley, & Co., for sale at Colman's.

BEAUTIES OF EVERETT.—The Carvil's have sent us this exquisite little work, embellished with a portrait of the distinguished orator and statesman from whose writings the selections have been made. Both young and old will find their account in giving the extracts an attentive perusal.

A WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES AND FLORIDA: published by Wiley and Putman, 161 Broadway. Here is a book addressing itself to invalids, containing general observations on the modes of travelling, climates and productions of those places usually resorted to by northern invalids. The author having visited those localities for his health, may be supposed to treat the subjects of his book with more than usual care and observation. The style is pleasing and the information valuable to those inclined to avail themselves of it.

THIRTY MILES AROUND NEW-YORK, with a correct map: published and for sale by Colton and Disturnel, 124 Broadway.

It is not to the stranger merely, that this little volume will be found useful. There are thousands of legitimate Gothamites to whom it will prove an excellent guide in making their summer excursions around the

city. The description of the towns and villages—our bays and Islands, will be found ample and instructive. The accompanying map gives at once a bird's-eye view of the diversified scenery and greatly enhances the value of the work.

THE NEW-YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY: published quarterly by George Adlard, 168 Broadway.

We have just laid down the first number of this highly important and much required journal. From a careful perusal of many of the articles, and a glance at all, we are persuaded that they who have assumed the task of conducting this work, have done so, fully impressed with the responsibilities their situation imposes. The contents evince the exercise of "plain, practical common sense"—a quality most essential in illustrating a science already too much obscured by theories and speculations.

Our limits will not permit us to enter more at large on the merits of this new work, but we commend it to the attention of the Medical Faculty of our city, and join with its editors in their invitation to their professional brethren to come forward and give their assistance.

THE BURSTING OF THE BOILER OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—This almost unprecedented occurrence took place on the morning of the 4th, on the Harlem railroad, near Union-Square, while waiting the arrival of the up-train. The boiler exploded with appalling effect, killing instantaneously the engineer and fireman, and wounding some twenty others, two of whom have since died. An eye witness described the scene to us as being the most shocking imaginable. The killed, the wounded, and their agonizing friends, formed a group of misery that was heart-rending.

ACTION.—To do an ill action is base; to do a good one, which involves you in no danger, is nothing more than common; but it is the property of a truly good man, to do great and good things, though he risk every thing by it.—*Marius.*

There is a gentleman in New-York who allows his wife one thousand dollars a year to keep out of Broadway.—*New Orleans Bee.*

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The Taglionis have been succeeded by Madame Lecomte and Mons. Martin, and, in these times of festivity, the houses continue good, without any additional attraction.

The admirers of Madame Augusta propose to offer her a complimentary benefit previous to her departure for Europe. The entertainments will be of a most brilliant character, affording the fair and popular beneficiary the opportunity of once more impressing on the memory of her friends her ever-graceful and exquisite personations both in the dance and pantomime. Did we believe it necessary, we should urge on our city readers the many inducements there are for paying to this accomplished and refined lady the compliment of a farewell benefit, but it would be quite superfluous, for none are ignorant of her great merits as an artist, and many have enjoyed the opportunity of remarking the modesty and domestic virtues that adorn her character in private life. Such qualities command admiration, and must ensure a most ample benefit.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

This is the harvest season for our friend Niblo, and most abundant is the "yield." Night after night his grounds are crowded and the entertainments are replete with all that is amusing and fanciful. We have not space for another word this week on Theatrical matters.

A SQUINT AT FRENCH POLITICS.

The quarrels of the French Ministers amongst each other cannot be very interesting to us, especially as the symptoms of discord, however lively, do not indicate an immediate break-up. It is impossible, indeed, to expect that the friends of the Count Mole and the *quondam* friends of M. Thiers could come together in a cabinet without disagreeing. Accordingly disagreement has taken place, not, indeed, from difference of principle, both parties having arranged to put this in their pockets; the quarrel has arisen from appointments to inferior place. M. Passy, the new Finance Minister, resolved to displace M. Bresson from the head of the *Woods and Forests*, in order to replace therein his friend, Legrand.

There was, therefore, the Court, the Doctrinaires, and the 221 against M. Passy; and measures of all kinds were employed, and threats to break up the Ministry. M. Passy was obstinately determined, and has triumphed. The old ministerialists threatened to recede; but as Soult has promised to do something as *éclatant* for them, they remain satisfied.

A deeper question than their personal squabble was agitated at the commencement of the month in Paris; *apropos*, is the ten millions of francs which the Marine Minister demanded as necessary for France to be represented with dignity in the troubles of the East. The discussion took

place in committees, whose doors are supposed to be closed, and therefore there was no need of the discretion usual at a public sitting. Paris journalists are, however, prying fellows, and they disclose that several grave and influential statesmen had proposed to throw the weight of France into the Russian scale, as more likely to lead to profit than an alliance with England. People are apt to hate those whom they have betrayed; and the party which held this language was precisely the same party which formed the Quadruple Alliance with England, and then nullified and abandoned it.

The Doctrinaires, therefore, had nothing to expect from England, and of course turned to Russia. So, at least, was the report which transpired of the day's proceedings. M. Guizot, however, denies the truth of these allegations. And divers exculpations and denials have since appeared, even in the journals which first gave the report. The French themselves say that they went to the discussion of the question under a feeling of annoyance against England and her Government, occasioned by Lord Melbourne's complimentary speech to the Russian Hereditary Grand Duke. And there was certainly an over-cordiality in that speech, calculated to wound the French. Then the overtures and receptions made to the Grand Duke betrayed similar feelings in the English people. And the French argue that John Bull receives the son of Nicholas to-day with the same affection that he received Marshal Soult some weeks previous, and effaces all the impressions made by the reception of the French veteran. This susceptibility, we must admit, is a good sign; and if the anti-English tone of the discussion on the standing committees of the French Chamber be owing to such a pique as this, the cause of quarrel is easy to be explained away or removed. It is to be feared, however, that French statesmen, would-be ministers, or would-be orators speak, even on foreign questions, much *ad captandum*.

The English at times seek popularity at the expense of principle on domestic questions; but, in matters of foreign policy, more of her members would propose the abandoning of an old alliance, or the adoption of a new one, merely for the sake of seeming spirited or getting applauded.

Plunderings by the Way.

The ex-Queen of Naples is dead. The French papers merely say that "Madame Murat has died in Italy." She died in the arms of her brother, the Count de Montfort, and his daughter, the Countess de Rasponi. The ex-Queen sunk under the disease that destroyed her brother, the Emperor Napoleon, and their father—cancer in the stomach.

ATTENTIVE WAITERS.—The following laughable trick was played off at a dinner of the Melodist's Club, by a gentleman who could not get any of the waiters to pay attention to what he said to them.—He called one of the principal ones to him, and asked him if he knew Mr. T. Cooke. He replied in the affirmative. "Go and tell him that the Duke of Buccleuch will be happy to take wine with him," said the wag. Away ran the waiter to Mr. Cooke, who was up to the joke in an instant, and who rose up, and bowed respectfully to the "mock duke;" meantime the waiter informed his master and his fellow-servants that the dinner was honoured with the presence of the great Scottish nobleman; the consequence was, that most of the waiters, and mine host too, crowded around his Grace (as they thought), nor would any of them budge from his chair if they could avoid it. The joke did not end with the dinner; but when the company took their departure, the moment his Grace was seen descending the stairs, half a dozen waiters began to cry out to the porters, "Call the Duke of Buccleuch's carriage;" away ran the latter shouting about the streets, until his Grace informed them he would walk home; but in order not to dishonour the title, he gave them a *douceur*, and then rode home in an omnibus for 6d.—*Cheltenham Looker-on*.

The Marquis of Dalmatia, Soult's son, will probably succeed Count Sebastiani as Ambassador from France to this country.

The Prince and Princess Doria and suite are expected every day in London, on their way to Alton Towers. Two beautiful carriages have been built for them in town, and much English furniture has been already despatched to the sumptuous palaces of the Doria family at Rome and Genoa. All the splendid jewels of this illustrious house have been remounted for the Princess Doria, late Lady Mary Talbot; who will wear the accumulated gems of many centuries, and become mistress of the most magnificent set of jewels in Europe. The size and beauty of some of the diamonds and other stones are extraordinary.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.—The Duke of Leuchtenberg is shortly expected at Berlin, on his way to St. Petersburg, to celebrate his marriage with the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia. After the marriage the Empress will make a tour in Germany. Her Majesty will not go to Keuth, but to the waters of Ems. There are several reports about the Hereditary Grand Duke's marriage with a German Princess, but nothing official has been an-

nounced. The Princess Mary, of Hesse Darmstadt, is spoken of as the affianced bride of the Duke. She is only 15 years of age. The Prussian Ambassadors at London, Paris, Vienna, and the Hague, have received private testimonials of the King's satisfaction.

THE THRONE OF DENMARK.—We quote the following from the *Nouveliste*:—"The Hereditary Prince of Denmark, the only son of the reigning King, has just embraced the Roman Catholic religion. The constitution, consequently, excludes him from the Crown; and, as the nearest relations of the King have all made misalliances, it is not known who will be called to the throne after the death of his present Majesty." The *France* alleges that intrigues are afloat to place the Duke of Nemours on the throne of Denmark.

THE WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL.—The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia has subscribed £300 for the monument which is about to be erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington, whose glory his Imperial Highness says, belongs to England, but whose services belong to all Europe.

ASCOT RACES.—**THE GOLD CUP.**—On Thursday the Gold Cup was won by the Hon. Capt. Berkeley's Caravan (ridden by Robinson,) by three quarters of a length. The races were most numerous attended. About one o'clock the approach of her Majesty was announced, and the course being partially cleared a double line was formed by the expectant multitude, through which the royal party, preceded by Lord Errol, passed onwards to her Majesty's stand, with all that excellence in equipment of men, horses, and carriages, which has always proved most interesting to every one who has ever witnessed the cavalcade. Her Majesty was warmly greeted on her progress up the course, and on her appearance at the windows of the stand. At several periods of the day her Majesty received similar tributes of applause, which she acknowledged graciously by bowing gracefully (and, as it seemed, gratefully) in return. Shortly after four o'clock her Majesty departed with the same *cortège*, and the same manifestations of loyalty were offered to her during her passage down the course. The racing, on the whole, was excellent, and every one seemed delighted with the day's amusement. The piece of plate given in lieu of "the cup" (says the *Chronicle*) is an exquisite piece of workmanship, executed in silver by Messrs. Garrard, from one of Cotterill's beautiful and unequalled models. It represents Queen Elizabeth at the close of a chase in Windsor Forest. The royal huntress has reigned up her graceful and well-breathed palfrey, and is pointing with the slender riding wand of that day to the fallen body of the deer, over which a lusty forester, with "hunter's horn," is blowing the fatal "*mort*." A couple of noble hounds complete the group, which, as a whole, may rank amongst Cotterill's master-pieces. The features and figure of Elizabeth are well and pleasingly expressed. The horse, with its rich housings and furniture, is such a horse as Cotterill only can model; the hounds and deer are faultless. Altogether it is a most appropriate prize to be contested for at Ascot.

SCENE IN DELHI.—Here, at this gate, entered the Persians, under their heroic but cruel leader, Nadir Shah, who, like Sallah-ud-deen and others, had raised himself from being a shepherd to the command of a vast empire. Here stands the mosque of Roshun-ud-Dowlah, where he directed the indiscriminate slaughter of the defenceless citizens; here it was that from the rising to the setting of the sun, death reigned triumphant; here the abandoned soldiery wielded the gory sabre till their weary arms refused to answer the dictates of their minds, in murdering their victims; and here, at the signal from one man, was every bloody sword sheathed. Here were plundered the millions of jewels from the imperial treasuries, which appeared like inexhaustible mines of wealth, and were carried to enrich the Persian monarch with whom they still remain; here is still the palace of Shah Jehan, once the admiration of the world; the hall of audience still remains with its inscription—

Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this—

But dreadfully does the palace contradict the assertion; the peacock throne has been carried far away by the Persian invader, the sons of the west have succeeded to the empire of the east, and these people once so brave have become the scoff of nations.—*East Indian and Colonial Magazine*.

CORSICAN BRIGANDS.—The Corsican police seem determined upon hunting out and destroying all the bandits of that lawless island. We find by a letter from Sartena that a noted brigand, named Cioccio (the Owl), who had long kept the village of Moca and the surrounding districts in terror, and who dwelt in a cave in a part of the neighbouring mountains supposed to be inaccessible, has been at length caught by a party of Corsican voltigeurs, and after a short conflict killed. He had committed three assassinations accompanied by atrocious circumstances, and ever since had lived apart from men, attended only by a young boy, his brother, who acted as his spy. He defended himself with great courage when attacked, and fell only after having been pierced with five balls.

QUEEN-SQUARE.—*Taking up at the Opera-House.*—On Wednesday, Richard Dixon, coachman to Lord Brougham, was charged with having violently assaulted a police constable in the execution of his duty.—Charles Walker, a police-constable, 73 A, stated that at half-past twelve

on Tuesday night, the carriage of Lord Brougham was driven up in front of the colonnade, near the pit door, and the steps let down in order to take up the family. It remained there for nearly ten minutes, and as other carriages wanted to draw up to the entrance, witness desired the coachman to move on. Mr. White—"You had no business, Sir, to meddle with it at all. You are not authorized to judge of the time a carriage should stop. If I were at the Opera, and you ordered my carriage away and got a good beating for it, I think you would richly deserve it." The defendant was then discharged.

The following lines, so curiously prophetic, were written on the window-glass of an inn in England in 1774. They are by Gulian Verplanck, an uncle of the present distinguished gentleman of that name, who was at the time upon his travels in Europe:—

Hail happy Britain, Freedom's blest retreat;
Great is thy power, thy wealth, thy glory great,
But wealth and power have no immortal day,
For all things ripen only to decay.
And when that time arrives, the lot of all,
When Britain's glory, power, and wealth shall fall;
Then shall thy sons by Fate's unchang'd decree
In other worlds another Britain see,
And what thou art, America shall be.

THE TIMES OF GEORGE FOURTH.

Diary Illustrative of the times of George Fourth. Volumes 3, & 4.

The London Literary Examiner "shows up" this gossiping work, after the following manner.

These volumes—the last—are in every way worthy of their predecessors. They have the same ugliness of feature—the same moral obliquity—the same disgusting affectation of reverence for all the charities and proprieties of life (when outraging them most,) that distinguished the first two volumes, and if we may imitate the phraseology of publishers, pre-eminently rendered them "the most unprincipled and certainly the most loathsome work of the season." Pains have been taken with the offspring before us to disguise their parentage; but the old family likeness asserts itself—the brazen front, the leer, the hypocritical, downcast look—the malice, lurking at the lip, when breathing a charitable hope,—now lisping away a neighbor's good name,—now tittering at a broken reputation,—and now, with a delicious earnestness, crying "fie" upon the world for all its wickedness. Much, we repeat it, has been done to disguise the maternity of the bantlings, but the labour has been in vain; for every word—every look, is still "my lady's."

We regret that we cannot compliment her ladyship on this, her second attempt, to refine an erring world, by the examples of sin and wickedness which, with tears in her eyes, she has thought it her hard mission to make known throughout the land. Her scandal—we beg her ladyship's pardon but we must use the word in vogue with homespun people—wants flavour, lacks relish. A lie ceases to interest if it has not some appearance of probability. Besides, her calumnies—we mean of course, those she has penned and sold to the publisher—want identity: her libellous gossip does not sufficiently mark its object. The world will be at a loss to know what lord to look upon as a scoundrel—what lady as a demirep; the Diarist has so neutralized her venom by the immoderate use of "—" "—" "—" "—" "—" Now this is especially annoying to the gourmand of works of this description. Having hastily swallowed a most pungent paragraph in which we have flirtation, at the least, suspected adultery, together with half-a-dozen children on either side deserted,—it must be particularly vexatious to the devourer of the savoury morsel, to reflect that he has probably gulped a lie; and this melancholy disappointment her ladyship's admiring readers may, despite their warmest wishes towards the Diarist, be too prone to feel, when they shall in cooler temper count up the "—" "—" "—" "—" which, in their unthinking fervour, they have taken for proper names.

Justice to our readers compels us to dwell upon this, perhaps the only fault of the lady Diarist—her first error of publishing, being, indeed, no more than a peccadillo—and we shall now proceed to show the contents of the book in all their native, unsophisticated beauty. The following gives us a good portrait of the regal and benevolent Queen Charlotte:—

Princess Charlotte told me the Queen, her grandmother, is much mortified by the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess of Salms, and threatens not to receive her at court, &c. There is a good deal of scandal promulgated about this Princess; but I do not like the old Queen's harshness on this occasion. It puts me in mind of an anecdote I have heard told of her Majesty, which is characteristic of the same stern spirit of virtuous propriety which has actuated her conduct ever since she came into this country.

The Duchess of —, a great favorite at court, besought Queen Charlotte to receive her niece, Mrs. —, at the drawing-room, there having been reports bruited about which were injurious to that lady's reputation. The Duchess implored the Queen's clemency and indulgence on a point so wholly without any just foundation; and finally, when about to retire from the royal presence, she asked, beseechingly, "Oh! Madam, what shall I say to my poor niece?" to which Queen Charlotte replied, "Say you did

not dare make such a request to the Queen." The Duchess of — was so hurt by this unfeeling denial to her entreaties, that she resigned her situation in the royal household.

There are many other stories likewise told of Queen Charlotte, which do not bespeak much tenderness of heart. When Princess Charlotte was christened, Lady Townsend, who held the royal babe during the ceremony (being herself with child at the time,) appeared much fatigued; and the Princess of Wales whispered to the Queen, "Will your Majesty command Lady Townsend to sit down?"—to which the Queen replied, *blowing her snuff from her fingers*, "She may stand—she may stand."

A piece of chit-chat, illustrative of the staple of the book.—

I heard that Lord J — has got all Mr. M —'s fortune, and that he has left his mother 3,000*l.* a year, and Lady — 1,000*l.* The story of Lady Frances Wilson's piece of good luck is a most extraordinary one. I heard also from Lady W. —, that Lady Charlotte Rawdon has made a strange marriage, with a man without any fortune, under thirty, and so much younger than herself."

We now give Lady Wilson's "good luck."

Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasons, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit of the Opera house, so as to cause her considerable annoyance; until at length one day she was informed that Mr. — had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. — It was said Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a *very beautiful woman*, who occupied the next box to her's, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the object of his *belle passion*.

And here is a piece of delicate sentiment, only inferior in moral beauty to the sweet touch of charity which closes it. Shade of *Mrs. Candour*! look down, and smile benignantly upon her ladyship! The speakers are affectionate friends of that most unfortunate Princess, Caroline of Wales.

"Ah!" exclaimed her Grace, "she *had better have been on the pavé* than connected with the O—s, and Sir P—, and the other persons they brought her in contact with."—"Pardon me," observed another cross voice, Lady —, "they were *respectable compared with others* who were named, as being permitted to live on terms of intimacy with her Royal Highness. What do you think of Lawrence, the painter, for a Princess of Wales's admirer, and a *Prince of Wales's rival*?" There was a dead silence, after this *cruel and false remark*, and I do not believe any one present liked Lady — the better for having given vent to her spiteful feelings."

Sentiment again, enshrined in the most elegant of words—and a happy piece of self-portraiture—

It is melancholy to see any human being *pervert thus every event and every sentiment*, however melancholy the one may be, or however exalted the other! and indeed such a caricaturist ceases to be a human being, and descends to the character of the monkey."

See, how *Mrs. Candour* "weeps for the poor king's death"—the death that *was to be*—

The royal death, which is daily expected, will surely make a great change in the Princess of Wales's situation. She will return, I should hope, instantly to England, and assume her rightful position in society. People are already talking of what mourning will be worn for the poor dear old King, and some say it is to be *purple and grey*. Is not this an odd idea? I think it is *quite disgusting* to hear people speaking of their black, or whatever other coloured gowns they are to wear when this event takes place, *before the breath is out of their sovereign's body*. An honest breath it is, and I feel inclined to say—God re-animate it! for I do not see what benefit will accrue to the country by his death.

The "Diary" itself is a fine, a triumphant illustration of the subjoined remark—another piece of felicitous self-portraiture—

I am disgusted with the world, and with most persons in it. Selfishness is certainly the order of the day with all the world; and as to affection and friendship, unless you have something to *buy it with*, you may as well expect to find a diamond in the street: and truth I think about as rare as good-nature and benevolence.

A short sermon on the loathsomeness of toad-eaters, proving a deep sense of self-humiliation on the part of the "Diarist"—

I received letters from England, one from Lady —, a melancholy specimen of a disappointed mind. She has sought for happiness in pursuits which seldom answer. Of all the unsatisfactory modes of spending existence, that of a *toady to people of a higher rank and fashion than ourselves* is the most so; and how a *sensible well-informed gentlewoman* like my correspondent could ever have become one of that species, I do not understand. Certainly it never failed more completely to any one than it has done to her.

The Diarist judges human nature, and philosophically proves the worth and use of human wickedness—

In answer to this question, I am not sure whether I think human nature very bad or not. Wickedness makes much more impression than goodness, just as misery does than happiness. A thousand enjoyments pass away unheeded, when one pang is commented on and lamented for ever. Life is a very mixed state, but it is the more entertaining on that account. Constant goodness would pall very much. We should cherish lenity to the faults of others, and strictness to our own; on the contrary, we have many apologies for our own, but few for those of other people.

We have next an account of the depravity of most "complete letter-writer":—

A piece of scandal happened here lately, that has made me feel doubly indignant, because I knew the hero. What a brute he is! and I am

among the very few ladies who were acquainted with him. Lord S — is a tall, butcher-like man, in personal appearance, between forty and fifty, who has forfeited respectability of every kind, and lived by charity and keeping a school; and a young, pretty woman, a Mrs. D. —, has gone off with him. Her husband, it is said, is a very agreeable young man. He had been in Sweden and she was living in the luxuries of London with her sister, Lady H —, and as soon as her husband returned she eloped with Lord S —. He must have gained her heart by writing love-letters. I once saw one he had addressed to a servant girl, which she dropped, and it was given me to read, and it was delicate and beautiful—in the style of Werter to Charlotte. I am sure the abigail could not understand it. They say this foolish Mrs. D — is a most agreeable person. What a fool every woman is who sacrifices her reputation and honour to man, even were there no higher consideration to deter her from error.

It seems, if we are to believe the Diarist, that ladies' maids are every now and then beaten and thrown upon fenders by their mistresses, but that their wounds are not shown to the public, being healed by the money of the evil-doers. "And this is worshipful society!"—The reader of these volumes may indeed felicitate himself if he happens to be neither lord nor baronet. No correct-minded woman will be found we hope, to read them at all, or it would be impossible to imagine her joy at having escaped being daughter to a duke!

I heard the little heiress, Miss D —, was called before the police the other day, at the complaint of her maid, whom she had beaten and thrown on the fender and cut her face. I could hardly believe it until I heard her say so herself!

Is it possible that any woman, much less any lady, can so far forget herself as to allow passion thus to demean her in the eyes of inferiors? and yet it is confidently asserted that many similar instances exist, which are only hushed up by large sums of money.

A *bon mot* of Queen Caroline; the Diarist assures us it was her last:—

On the last day of her trial, when requested to retire and take some refreshment, she peremptorily refused to do so, and on some persons offering the Queen refreshments which they had brought for their own use, she declined accepting them, saying, "I can take a chop at the King's Head if I am hungry;"—alluding to the tavern bearing that sign near the House of Lords.

The Queen on her death-bed:—

When she became aware of her awful situation, she called to some of the attendants, and said, "I forgive all my enemies, I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;" or words to that effect. A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed, the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

At the commencement of this article we condemned the book as mean, malicious, canting, hypocritical; let the justice of that sentence be tested by the foregoing extracts. We will possibly find room next week for certain other matters that have more especial reference to the poor Queen Caroline, always unfortunate and unhappy, but never so much so as in having found for her memory such an apologist as this!

FINE ARTS.

We find in the following remarks on the exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, so much that can be appropriately applied to similar exhibitions here, that we cannot neglect their insertion. The closing observations, on portrait painting, we commend to the attention of those who vainly imagine that excellence in this department of the art is within the reach of every man who has the power to draw an outline and fill it up with "carnation."

Last year it was asserted that the exhibition of the Royal Academy was more than usually characterised by variety; for it contained eight or ten portraits of the Queen, not one of which in the slightest degree resembled the other. On the present occasion it cannot produce this, or any other plea whatever, to be exempted from the oft and justly repeated imputation of monotony. In its construction the academicians, and in their contributions the painters generally, seem to have been haunted by a pernicious recollection of the emphatic aphorism of Montecuculi respecting the sinews of war. They have all evidently been acting on the notion that only three things are essential to the formation of a perfect exhibition of art: Imprimis, portraits; secondly, portraits; thirdly, portraits. The natural consequence of this supposition is, that they constitute at least five-sixths of the collection; though such a common mode of enumeration seems so feeble and inadequate to express their uncommon abundance, that we would, if we could, summon the impossible to our aid, and say seven-sixths. Their teeming fecundity is indeed perfectly ineffable: not a comparison to all "the bees that in Hybla are playing," or to all "the sheep that in Tempe are straying;" or the adoption of the "stars in the heaven," the "sand on the shore," and the entire remainder of the imagery which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams employs to give an idea of the number of kisses he craves from his mistress, could afford us the slightest assistance on the present occasion. Wherever the spectator turns, a face stares him in the face; and specimens of every possible kind of human dissimilarity and distortion are found, from the representations of great generals and dead Sultans, down to the valuable record of the

forms and features of "*The seven Masters Tubbs*." From this last remarkable work, we may not take an eternal leave, without cordially recommending it to the attentive consideration of all who desire to experience an emotion.

The fashion of the present day seems to be that every artist who may have failed in all the other branches of his profession, should become a painter of portraits. This propensity is not altogether spontaneous: it is principally excited by the ignorance and vanity of a large number of the public. Purchasers of historical and fanciful compositions are only to be found among the class which possesses some degree of pictorial knowledge; consequently, if the artist be deficient in ability, he can find no sale for his works. But let him descend to the existing and to the real, let him make, cheaply, vulgar *fac-similes* of vulgar features, and he will soon discover some rich Mr. Huggins, or Buggins, to employ and patronize him. Such we believe to be the principal cause of the prevalence of the practice of this branch of the pictorial art; for we question much whether it is not as difficult as, if not more difficult than, any other. The attainment of excellence in it demands the possession of many rare and various qualities which in imaginative painting are far from being indispensable. The portrait painter must not only be an artist, he must not only have acquired dexterity necessary to the practice of all branches of the pictorial profession, but he ought to have a mind cultivated in the perception of wordly and conventional distinctions, and be thoroughly conversant with the manners, aspect and demeanour of the most elegant society. In the want of these latter qualifications arises the multitude of portraits, which, though not deficient in artistical merit, yet bear more resemblance to any earthly thing than to either a lady or a gentleman. From this cause, too, generally proceeds the common occurrence of the portraits of men being much less faulty than those of women; that air of refinement and grace so difficult to be represented on canvass, abounding far more frequently among the latter. Certainly, the comparative ruggedness of male features is more easily to be imitated than the smoothness and softness of feminine beauty. Nevertheless, though to this disadvantage may in a great degree be attributed the inferiority of the artist in female delineation, yet his incapacity as an observer is usually the origin of the chief prejudice to his work. An individual may thoroughly understand drawing, *chiaro scuro*, and colouring, and yet, for the want of that tact and refinement of perception which are developed in certain natures by communion with the world, he may be unable to discern, seize, and fix on his canvass the subtle spirit which constitutes a *gentlewoman*. This incapacity is the real cause of the majority of our portraits being deficient in individuality, in ease of attitude, gentleness of expression, and in a lady-like repose and self-possession. They are formal and histrionic, and seem to be either hot and fussy, or unnaturally pallid, languishing, and insipid. Artists may imagine that these are the faults of their subjects, and affirm that they are seldom so happy as to meet with sitters possessing "benignity or gentleness of expression," or "ease of attitude," or any personal recommendation whatever. But we reply, that if they know what is wanting, they will rarely meet with a face or form so utterly intractable as to refuse to be endowed with no portion of the embellishments we require. Let them refer to the works of the old masters, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and study the profound and beautiful art with which they have elevated the most plebeian countenances into objects of admiration.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PATRONAGE OF THE MINISTRY.

Mr. O'Connell glories in having the largest share of abuse of any man in the world, and Lord Melbourne may boast of having the largest share of advice, for foes as well as friends are kind enough to teach him how he should act. Job himself was not more blessed with comforters, and the only fear is that "too many cooks may spoil the broth."

The Duke of Wellington volunteers the office of Mentor in these words:—

"I am in the habit at times in my place in this house of giving my opinions and sentiments to the noble viscount. I earnestly recommend him to persevere in the intentions which he has announced in the course of the discussion this night. Let him honestly perform his duty in the government of the country. He has failed in carrying one measure which he proposed to Parliament in a former session. Let him persevere in the performance of his duty, not only in Parliament, but out of it, and let him trust to the good sense of Parliament and the country for his support. And although certainly I have misfortune of differing from him on many subjects, I think I may venture to tell him that he will not find Parliament fail him if he will honestly and sincerely perform his duty." [Cheers].

The Duke of Wellington is only too good to Lord Melbourne. He gives the Premier an abundance of advice unsolicited, and he stands between him and his enemies most obligingly, except when any vital blow is aimed, upon which occasions only his Grace withdraws the shield and joins in the attack; but the moment the good Duke discovers that he cannot succeed in the attempt to destroy the Ministry he resumes the parade of protecting it. Now surely council, like charity, should begin at home, and his Grace should not squander on his opponents the admonitions which should be so valuable to his own party. Let every fountain play in its own basin; or, as the Scotch less poetically express it, let every hering hang by its own head. We would leave to the Tories what properly belongs to the Tories, all the advantage of the Duke's guidance. When Sir Robert Peel is commissioned to form a Ministry it is good that the Duke should instigate him to insist to the uttermost on all the vails and perquisites; but when, thanks to the prudence and wisdom of his Grace, the attempts to break down under the weight of the exactions, it is rather

too good that he should transfer his peculiar services as assistant to his successful rival. Sufficient for the Peel is the evil thereof.

His Grace, however, means well no doubt, and his overture to Lord Melbourne is a set-off to his peculiar management of the negotiations which his party so profoundly deplore. His speech to Lord Melbourne rendered into plain language, would be in substance this:—

Do nothing for the satisfaction of your own supporters, let them see that you consult not their good opinion, but the pleasure of your opponents—that you rely not on their aid, but on the sufferance of your foes; lose the favour of the people, extinguish the zeal of your friends, exhaust the patience of the public—and while you are doing all this I will ward off any blows not vital that are aimed against you from my side; but, as soon as you appear to have alienated all who were your supporters, and that you have become powerless and resourceless, I will join in the first attack of my followers on you to drive you from your places.

What has been the past conduct of the Duke of Wellington? Two years ago he began to play the part of Lord Protector of the Administration. On several trumped-up questions that could have had no important consequences, he held the shield before Ministers; but what part did he act when motions were made involving the existence of the Government? Did he ward off the attack on Lord Durham's ordinances? Did he hold the shield over Lord Melbourne when the Irish policy was impeached? Did he interpose his authority to prevent the factious coalition with the ultra-Radicals on the Jamaica question? Whenever the breast of the Government seemed bare did the great captain extend the shield before it, or did he draw the sword against it? Whenever the opportunity seemed to offer for a deadly blow the Duke withdrew his protective offices, or pretences, and joined in the attack.

The Duke indeed professes to be at a loss to understand why the Ministry thought it necessary to resign upon the opposition it encountered on the Jamaica Bill. So *Harlequin*, in the old farce, throws a man out of the window, but begs him to take care not to hurt himself against the ground.

MEASURES NOT MEN.

Extracted from Mr. Macaulay's Speech at Edinburgh.

It seems strange that people should think it not better to have an un-reformed system of laws administered in the spirit of reform, than a reformed system administered in a spirit hostile to reform. [Hear, hear.] We often hear the saying "measures not men," and it is an excellent one in one sense. Men are not to be supported on personal grounds, not because Sir Robert Peel happens to be Sir Robert Peel, or Lord John Russell to be Lord John Russell. I am not to follow the political leaders of the day as my Highland ancestors followed their chiefs, the Campbells fighting for the House of Hanover, because the Duke of Argyll happened to be a Whig, and the Camerons, on the other hand, contending for the House of Stuart, because Lochiel was a Jacobite; but because people prefer measures to men, is it unimportant how those measures may be administered? There never was a greater fallacy. Laws are a mere dead letter until some human agent puts life into them, and we must leave a great deal to the discretion of those who execute them. This is the case even in judicial matters; and if you cannot tie up a judge from using this discretion any more than the Minister for Foreign Affairs, or the minister for any other department, but in the former case, it is of no consequence whether the laws be administered by Judge Hailes or Judge Jefferies! And can you doubt that a still larger discretion must be left to the ministers who must administer the policy of the country? It would be easy to point out societies in which, with numerous bad institutions, a good administration of the government had made them happy; and, on the contrary, other societies in which, though the institutions looked well on paper, and appeared in the abstract unexceptionable, yet a bad administration was grinding the people to the dust.

THE LAST NEW NUMBER OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

THE "RULES."

"The Rules are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets in which debtors who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do not derive any benefit, are permitted to reside by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money to starve in gaol, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity. There are many pleasant fictions of the law in constant operation, but there is no one so pleasant or practically humorous as that which supposes every man to be of equal value in his impartial eye, and the benefits of all laws to be equally attainable by all men, without the smallest reference to the furniture of their pockets."

NEWMAN NOGGS WAITING FOR RALPH NICKLEBY AND HIS DINNER.

"There go the three-quarters past!" muttered Newman Noggs, listening to the chimes of some neighbouring church, "and my dinner time's two. He does it on purpose. He makes a point of it. It's just like him."

"It was in his own little den of an office and on the top of his official stool that Newman thus soliloquised; and the soliloquy referred, as Newman's grumbling soliloquies usually did, to Ralph Nickleby.

"I don't believe he ever had an appetite," said Newman, except for pounds, shillings, and pence, and with them he's as greedy as a wolf. I should like to have him compelled to swallow one of every English coin."

The "penny would be an awkward morsel—but the crown—ha! ha!"

His good humour being in some degree restored by the vision of

Ralph Nickleby swallowing, perforce, a five-shilling piece, Newman slowly brought forth from his desk one of those portable bottles, currently known as pocket-pistols, and shaking the same close to his ear, so as to produce a rippling sound very cool and pleasant to listen to, suffered his features to relax, and took a gurgling drink, which relaxed them still more. Replacing the cork he smacked his lips twice or thrice with an air of great relish, and, the taste of the liquor having by this time evaporated, recurred to his grievances again.

"Five minutes to three," growled Newman, "it can't want more by this time; and I had my breakfast at eight o'clock, and such a breakfast! and my right dinner time two! And I might have a nice little bit of hot roast meat spoiling at home all this time—how does he know I haven't? Don't go till I come back, don't go till I come back," day after day. What do you always go out at my dinner time for then—eh? Don't you know its nothing but aggravation—eh?"

"These words, though uttered in a very loud key, were addressed to nothing but empty air. The recital of his wrongs, however, seemed to have the effect of making Newman Noggs desperate; for he flattened his old hat upon his head, and drawing on the everlasting gloves, declared with great vehemence, that come what might, he would go to dinner that very minute.

"Carrying this resolution into instant effect, he had advanced as far as the passage, when the sound of the latch-key in the street door caused him to make a precipitate retreat into his own office again.

A FAMILY REASON FOR GOING TO AMERICA.

"I am astonished to hear this news," said Nicholas. "Going to America! You had no such thing in contemplation when I was with you."

"No," replied Crummles, "I had not then. The fact is, that Mrs. Crummles—most extraordinary woman, Johnson—here he broke off and whispered something in his ear.

"Oh!" said Nicholas, smiling. "The prospect of an addition to your family?"

"The seventh addition, Johnson," returned Mr. Crummles, solemnly. "I thought such a child as the phenomenon must have been a closer; but it seems we are to have another. She is a very remarkable woman."

"I congratulate you," said Nicholas, "and I hope this may prove a phenomenon too."

"Why it's pretty sure to be something uncommon, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Crummles. "The talent of the other three is principally in combat and serious pantomime. I should like to have this one to have a turn for juvenile tragedy; I understand they want something of that sort in America very much. However, we must take it as it comes. Perhaps it may have a genius for the tight-rope."

AN EARNEST ACTOR.

"Timberly won't be long," said Mr. Crummles. He "played the audience to-night. He does a faithful black in the last piece, and it takes him a little longer to wash himself."

"A very unpleasant line of character, I should think!" said Nicholas.

"No, I don't know," replied Mr. Crummles; "it comes off easily enough, and there's only the face and neck. We had a first-tragedy man in our company once, who, when he played Othello, used to black himself all over. But that's feeling a part and going into it as if you mean it; it isn't usual—more's the pity."

LACONICS.

The Fate of Men of Genius.—Plutus turned a mill. Terence was a slave. Boethius died in a jail. Paulo Borguese had fifteen different trades, and starved with them all. Tasso was often distressed for five shillings. Servin, one of the most learned and accomplished men of his age, died drunk in a brothel. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into the very hospital he founded; and Edmund Allen, contemporary with Shakespeare, died in his own alms-house.

Cornelle was poor to a proverb. Racine left his family to be supported by his friends. Crichton lost his life in a midnight brawl. Butler was never master of fifty pounds. Otway is said to have died with hunger. Camoens died in an hospital. Vaughan left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. Cervantes died for want. Churchill died a beggar. Lloyd died in the Fleet. Bickerstaff ran away for debt. Goldsmith, when he died, owed two thousand pounds more than he possessed. Hugh Kelly was in similar circumstances. Paul Hiffernon was supported by a friendly subscription. Purden Jones, author of the *Earl of Essex*; and Boyce, the poet, died in great distress; the two former in an hospital, the latter in a garret. Sterne left his family in penury; and Mrs. Manley, author of *The New Atlantis*, subsisted on charity: as did the widow of Smollett; and Foote died penniless.—*Cooke's Memoirs of Poets.*

Names.—A man that should call every thing by its right name, would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.

Talents and Genius.—Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigour; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

True Philosophy.—Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—It was said of him that he never had been out of temper: some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry; she consented, and knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her, she answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but on the same evening she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, "you have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as

you probably found it fatigue you. But after all it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." She threw herself at his feet and avowed all to him.

Anecdote of Voltaire.—When the English and French were disputing as to their respective rights to certain territories in America, Voltaire happily remarked, that they were quite agreed upon one point; viz., that the natives had no right at all to the land in question.

Catherine de Medicis.—When the infamous Catherine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. of France to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom, that detestable prince sent orders to the governors of the different provinces, to put all the Hugonots to death in their respective districts.—"Sire," answered one Catholic governor, who will ever be dear to humanity, "I have too much respect for your Majesty not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid, it should be really your Majesty's order, I have too much respect for your Majesty to obey it."

Talking.—It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation on the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.—*Adison.*

Distinguished Men always Hard-workers.—When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon,—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities,—were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march: how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short how hard they worked.—*Everett's Discourse.*

Longing after Immortality.—The desire of being remembered when we are no more is deeply implanted in the human mind. We all cast "a lingering look behind," and desire to know what will be said of us when we are no more. "I shall not altogether die!" was the triumphant exclamation of a poet of antiquity, when speaking of the productions of his brain: "I shall leave a memorial of myself" is the idea of the swain who rudely carves the initials of his name on the glossy surface of a beech tree in the forest.

Tavern Conversation.—When five or six men are together, it is curious to observe the anxiety every one has to speak. No one wishes to hear; all he desires is an auditor. Rather than defer telling their respective stories, they frequently all speak at the same time.

Every one has a subject of his own that he wishes to introduce; therefore he is miserable until he has an opportunity to drag it in. One is desirous to discuss some religious subject; another would engage in a political disquisition. One would talk of the price of stocks; and another would expatiate upon the merits of a favourite horse. The glass circulates, and the confusion becomes general.

The tower of Babel would be an excellent sign for a modern tavern.

COOLNESS OF ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

Once he was aroused from his sleep by the Lieutenant of the watch suddenly entering the cabin, and calling out, in apparent agitation, "My Lord, the ship is on fire close to the magazine; but don't be frightened, my Lord, it will soon be got under." "Frightened, Sir! what do you mean by that? I never was frightened in my life;" and, looking the officer in the face, he said to him, gravely, "Pray, Sir, how does a man feel when he is frightened? I need not ask how he looks." He was once induced, in a hard gale, to anchor the *Magnanime* on the coast of France. The wind increased to tremendous strength; but, having made all snug with two anchors a head, he retired to his cabin. Presently, however, the Lieutenant of the watch ran down in great haste, and, with a face of woe, exclaimed, "I am sorry to inform you, my Lord, that the anchors are coming home." "They are perfectly in the right," replied Howe, coolly; "I don't know who would stay abroad such a night as this."*

* It was in the *Magnanime* that Howe received the reproof from a Negro at the gratings, which gave much amusement at the time. Being about to punish this man, the gallant Captain was previously expatiating on the enormity and sinfulness of the offence committed; when Quashee, becoming impatient, cried out—"Me Lor! s'pose you floggee—floggee; s'pose you preachee—preachee; but no floggee and preachee too."

THE RELIEF OF GIBRALTAR.

Lord Howe proceeded with thirty-four men-of-war, and a large division of transports, to the relief of Gibraltar—a fortress then undergoing one of the most tremendous sieges on record. This difficult and harassing service was performed in the most admirable manner, in defiance of the combined fleet of fifty sail of the line, including seven three-deckers, which were lying in the bay. While throwing in supplies, amid the joyful shouts and acclamations of the garrison, he repassed the Straits, in order not to risk a contest in the strength of the current, and under the enemy's shores. By this feint, a partial action was brought on, in which he drew off the French and Spaniards below Cape Spartel, and thereby afforded time and space for the transports to disembark the stores, provisions, and troops, and run to the westward afterwards. In this conflict he came off with a loss of 68 killed and 208 wounded; but, in spite of their superiority, the baffled enemy disliked their warmth of reception, and hauled up for Cadiz,—nor was the amount of their casualties ever made known.

By this most masterly measure, Gibraltar was saved to England. Not only the hopes, but the fears of his country, accompanied Lord Howe. The former rested upon his consummate abilities, and approved bravery; while the latter could not but look to the many obstacles he had to subdue,

and the superior advantages of the fleet that was to oppose him. And Elliott, the gallant "Cock of the Rock," in a letter to Captain Curtis, says, "Do offer my respects to Lord Howe, but I believe you can't, venture to tell him that I and the rest of us, half sea-officers, are in admiration and astonishment at what passed before our eyes—what a glorious manœuvre through the Straits!" Nor were any more inclined to render praise to the great ability shown on this effectual "relief," than the French and Spanish officers who viewed it.

The "relief of Gibraltar" was at the time made the subject of a national and historical painting, by Mr. Copely, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, some magnificent engravings of which are still to be seen in this city.

CORSICA AND ELBA.

Next day I went on board the Spartan brigantine; and in the evening the captain got under way, and loosing our sails we stood out with the evening breeze from the beautiful Bay or Gulf of Genoa. The next morning, on going upon deck, I found we were passing through the narrow Strait between Corsica and Elba; one the birth-place, the other for a time the gilded prison of Napoleon. How many, and how bitter, must have been his reflections, when he gazed from the place of his exile on the sterile hills of his native land! What! did the child, which that barren island cradled, attain to manhood, and fill the world with his glory; whose name, mightier than Alexander's of old, made the kings of the earth, from the despot of Moscow to the emir seated on the throne of the caliphs, tremble as they pronounced it; was this child of empire, who seemed to the nations the minister of Fate, here at the last to become a petty prince, counting his territories in acres,—and worse, far worse, that appellation once the watchword of the brave, sink into a meanly royal name? No! one more mighty effort was to be made, and Waterloo attests the rest—the aspiring eagle soared for the last time, and again was chained upon a sea-girt rock.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMBITION.

With Mme. de Staël, the love of admiration, because extreme, proved a source of vexation. She must always be a star, the centre of a system, the magnet of attraction to an adulating circle. To be loved only, did not satisfy her; she was too ugly for that, perhaps, and she consequently longed for beauty; but since that was unattainable, she thirsted for glory—to be ranked amongst the first of women; and not only that, but to be reckoned the compeer of men. And can any find fault with ambition?—the origin of all noble deeds, the source of all noble works, without which the world would be savage, the poet mute, the painter idle, the sculptor unknown, the architect unexisting, luxuries and beautiful superfluities uncared for, commerce neglected, trade at a stand-still, science obscured; without which, the stars, unheeded, might shine, for, when we gaze on them, is it not that, like the poet, we may drink in inspiration; or, like the Christian, enlarge our faith and illustrate our theology; like the painter, perceive the spirituality of beauty; like artists in general, that we may dream of elevating ourselves, till our mind, developed, bestows on us the fame and title of lights of the earth? Without ambition the globe, instead of being peopled by proud, erect, and stirring men, whose countenances beam, should be trodden by plodding, heavy, brutish clods, dragging along the weight of a life as ponderous as that of an unhappy old age; without ambition the landscape should be a blank; for it is the regard of an eye of genius which lends it all its charms; the city Desolation, for, without a longing to please, social joys are nought; the tongue dumb, the spirit of harmony risen to the skies, and silent on the black plain; affection, love, and sentiment, gone to abide in heavenly habitations; selfishness absorbing all here; instinct alone maintaining life and intercourse; like the material darkness of Byron should be this soul's gloom. And, if counterbalanced by qualities of other kinds, ambition is rather the causer of happiness than the contrary. It was to Mme. de Staël what the love of pleasure was to Cleopatra, and the wilfulness of the latter in gratifying her caprices was equivalent to the steady pursuance of her object by the former. The trials of their lives were somewhat equalised; if the Egyptian thought of flying to Suez, and, with all her goods, embarking on the Red Sea, to found a colony, like Dido of old, where chance might dictate, the Frenchwoman was forced, against her wishes, into being a rover—forced to roam the length and breadth of Europe, and to visit Russia, in order, from Switzerland to reach England. (This persecution fed her vanity.)

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OF THE CORSAIR;

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New-York, January 8, 1839.

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